LONDON DROLLERY:

Or, The Wits Academy.

BEING

A Select Collection of the Newest Songs, Lampoons, and Airs Alamode.

WITH

Several other most Ingenious Peices of Railery never before Published.

By *W. H.*

London, Printed by *F. Eglesfield*, at the *Marygold* in St. *Pauls-Church-Yard*. 1673.

THE EPISTLE TO LONDON DROLLERY.

Reader,

THe other Drolleries going ſo ſwift away,
Why ſhould I think that this ſhould make a ſtay;
For this by ſeveral Criticks has been ſcan'd,
And Stationer to, before he'd tak't in hand;
And being well approv'd before it came to th' Preſs,
I cannot think that it will have a leſs
Eſteem abroad then any of the reſt,
Becauſe it has endur'd ſo ſevere a teſt.
Suſpend thy Cenſure till thou'ſt fully ſeen't,
I do not doubt but thou'lt find ſomething in't
Will pleaſe thy Pallet: Is thy mind Jocoſe,
Here's that will pleaſe, unleſs thou'rt too Moroſe:

And being ſuited to all humours ſo,
'Nought but but Impartiality can have a low
Eſteem for it; The envious I value not,
For they in Peccadillo things will be ſo hot,
And wreak their ſpight on any, though unknown,
And all forſooth becauſe 'tis not their own.
If ought do pleaſe thee, then I am well apaid,
For all theſe things unto that end was made:
If not, then leave it, 'tis all one to Will,
I was VV. H. *and ſo ſhall be ſtill.*

Dated on *May-day* when ſo lowd it Thundered,
In *Anno* Seventy three and Sixteen hundred.

LONDON

LONDON DROLLERY.

A New Song.

TOo fair and unkind, when I did diſcover
Thoſe charmes, to which all that ſee you ſub-(mit.
Your languiſhing eies firſt made me a lover,
And then you that Empire kept by your wit;
For you, the ſoft fetters of *Phillis* I broke
To put on a Laſs! a more rigorous yoke,
Poor *Phillis* was kind her ſlave to preſerve,
You doom me to wait, and force me to ſtarve.

2. Away with Devotion which makes you uneaſie,
And with you good humour ſo ill doth agree,
(ſeize ye,
Faith try but the pleaſure, and when Zeal wou'd
Youl find the fit better imploy'd upon me:
For Love the dull Cloyſter as highly exceeds
As numbring of hearts does dropping of Beads;
And Saints like to *Iris* are never Divine,
Till Mortals are ſuffered to kneel at their ſhrine.

A New Song.

1. LOng betwixt love and fear *Phillis* tormented,
Shun'd her own wiſh, yet at laſt ſhe conſented
But loath the day ſhould her bluſhes diſcover.
Come gentle night ſhe ſaid,
Come quickly to my aid,
And a poor ſhameface Maid,
Hide from her Lover.

2. Now cold as I ſee, I am now hot as fire,
I dare not tell my ſelf mine own deſire,
But let day fly away, and bid night haſt her.
Grant ye kind Powers above,
Slow hours of parting love,
But when to Bliſs we move,
Let 'em fly faſter.

3. How ſweet it is to Love, when I diſcover
That fire which burns my Soul, warming my lover,
'Tis pitty Love ſo true, ſhould be miſtaken,
If that then he might be
Falſe or unkind to me,
Let me die e're I ſee
That I am forſaken.

A New Song.

1. TAke heed fair *Clelia* how you tame
With your diſdain *Doraſtus* fame,
A noble heart when once deny'd,
Swells into ſuch a height of pride.
Twill rather burſt, then dain to be
A worſhipper of Cruelty.

2. You may uſe common Lovers ſo,
My Sighs at laſt to Storms will grow,
And blow ſuch ſcorn upon this Pride,
Will blaſt all I have magnified.
You are not fair when Love you lack,
Ingratitude makes all things black.

3. O do not for a flock of Sheep,
And golden ſhowers when as you ſleep;
Nor cauſe Ambition often ſwells,
Forſake the place where honor dwells.
In *Damons* Pallace you'l never ſhine
So bright as in thoſe Arms of mine.

A New

A New Song in the Fatal Jealouſie.

1. I Languiſh all Night, and ſigh all the Day,
And much to be pitied I am,
Ere ſince your bright eyes
My heart did ſurprize,
I could not exſtinguiſh the flame:
But ſince you have known
My heart was your own,
Who before was ſo kind, now ſcornfuller grown:
If ſo cruel you prove,
To the man that you love,
Ah *Phillis*, Ah *Phillis*, what Fate
Alas is reſerved for the man that you hate.

The Devout Drunkard, being a Mock to, O Love if e're thoult eaſe a heart; And to that Tune.

1. O Bacchus if thoult eaſe a Soul
That owns thy Juicy power,
And bleeds for that high chirping bowl,
For which mine eyes ne're ceaſing rowl
Until I ſee that hour.
Under the Tunne, I fainting waſte
A thouſand times I wiſh to taſte;
But when I ſee ſuch halting haſte,
To eaſe me of my thirſty pain,
I bleed with grief in every vein.

2. But

2. But thus as I ſate all alone,
I'th' deep and ſhady vault,
Continuing ſtill in grief and moan,
A neighbouring drawer then came down
Which was the man in fault.
O how I ſtrove the Rogue to chide,
He bluſh'd and ſtriv'd his fault to hide,
And ſwore the tatling Eccho lied.
And pray'd my Paſſion then forbear
Leaſt it ſhould come to's Maſters ear.

But *Bacchus* yet I'de die to gain
But one poor parting Cup,
Although it lately fill'd my Brain,
Impoſe on me all racks of pain
If ſoon I drink't not up.
Thus are poor Mortals oft abus'd,
Who long God-*Bacchus* trade have us'd,
Cauſe drawers often have refus'd:
When we do burn with thirſty flame,
To give us that would quench the ſame.

The Dutch *Inſolence the occaſion of the War with them, ending with an Elegy on Mr.* Boyle.

WHen the *Dutch* States with Inſolence were grown
So monſtrous big, they ſcarce had room for one,
They

They ſought about for more, yet naught could
pleaſe
But the Dominion of the *Britiſh* Seas:
In order unto which, they load the main
With Men of War, and all the world diſdain,
Their *Sails* being *fil'd* with what themſelves are full
They under Sail did then attempt to pull
The *power* into their own hands, from her that nurſt
Them up; they did attempt, but in the attempt
they burſt:
For when calm *Albion*'s King a while had view'd
The monſtrous preparations of this rude
Ignoble people, ſtrait he lanched forth
A mighty Navy, mighty for its worth,
But for its Conduct more; being led by him
Whoſe glorious Actions might the *Cæſars* dim,
Illuſtrious *James* it was, whoſe powerful Arm
The *Dutch* felt burning hot, when he ſcarce warm:
And 'mongſt the Noble train did waite upon
His Royal Highneſs, noble *Boyle* was one:
A noble youth, who in his Aſpect bore
The Characters of good, and great in ſtore:
His perſon built to ſuch a height and due
Proportion, as any thing that's true:
And with his perſon, ſuch his actions were
That every move was pleaſing, every move did dare
To ſomething great: yet with ſuch modeſt mean,
He was admir'd, and lov'd as ſoon as ſeen;
And though the convex of his body wore
This taking Aſpect, yet within was more:

For there a genious ſate, ſo ſtrung, that ſtrait
To what you toucht, if what you toucht had weight:
Above her great reaſon ſate, which did controul
The expanding vigour of his mighty Soul:
Which like a fermentation elſe had broke,
The polliſh'd cask, before this fatal ſtroke:
True courage now it was, upon whoſe wings
He clim'd the Tragick ſtage, and dar'd ſuch things
That *Mars* himſelf no ſooner ſaw, but ſent
In fire and ſmoke, to him a Complement:
But ſpightful Death, who in an ambuſh lay,
In this great Tragedy to chuſe his prey:
Had hid himſelf within that Cloud of Smoke,
That *Mars* had ſent, and gave that fatal ſtroke
By which he fell, yet honourably dy'd
In's Countries Service, by his Princes ſide:
His Soul then being fled, to whom 'twas due,
A conteſt here then about his body grew;
The Earth claim'd it as hers, and had prepar'd
In her own bowels to have it there inter'd;
But Neptune greedy of ſo great a prize,
Did bounce and foam, and at the Deck did riſe
To demand his Dead, at which the tall
Ship bow'd her lofty Head, and Sails and all,
For nothing elſe could *Neptunes* wrath appeaſe
But that ſame body, to adorn his Seas,
At which the Marble wept, and does weep yet,
Cauſe that his Name's not in her Forehead writ.

On the Death of the Earl of Sandwich.

IS *Sandwich* dead? Is that brave *Hero* gone
Of *Englands* Architect, the corner Stone.
Did he not think his deareſt blood to dear
To ſpend for us? and we deny a tear:
Let's give him that, which we cannot deny
To an expiring Valiant Enemy.
Let's drain our eyes, and make him float again
In our Salt tears, as once upon the Main.
Let every one give honour to his Hearſe,
And every Poet caſt on it a Verſe.
But O brave *Sandwich*, whoſe Pen muſt that be,
That on thy Death can write an Elegie;
Thou dy'ſt not like a Mortal; and if ſo,
What Mortals Pen to write thy Death doth know.

The Obſequious Lover, A SONG.

1. WHen I contemplate on thy parts
My dear *Coninna*, I deſpair,
Becauſe thou'rt Miſtreſs of all hearts,
And all expect to have a ſhare.
2. How then can I expect to find
So much as one good look from thee,
Since all that know thee are ſo kind
Thy Votaries they Vow to be.

3. One

3. One for thy Voice admires thee much,
Another for thy Dancing to,
But if a Lute thou chance to touch
They ſtand amaz'd, and cannot go.

4. A third admires thy ſparkling eyes
That ſhine like Diamonds in the night,
A fourth doth praiſe thy lips likewiſe,
Being of a Ruby colour right.

5. A fifth ſets forth thy ruddy cheek
As being of ſo pure a hue,
That when for Roſes they do ſeek,
There they're found, as if there they grew.

6. A ſixth admires thy Swan-like skin,
A ſeventh doth praiſe thy foot and hand,
Another ſo thy neck and chin,
A ninth thy waſte which may be ſpan'd.

7. A tenth thy hair and other parts
To ſhare 'em all they do agree,
On which they all do fix their hearts,
But yet I hope thy heart is free.

8. Grant me but that *Corrinna* then,
'Tis only that which I do crave,
I ſhall be happieſt of all men,
If I may live and die thy Slave.

The Prologue to Arvicagus *and* Felicia.

YOu are Trapand: Invited to a Play (away.
Which e're half done, you'l with your selves
Tis long, 'tis sad: nay you must mark the Plot,
Then Court not Vizard Masques, or Censure not:
Some think if they had known as much before,
They would have made Abatement at the door:
We'll do it yet; but now I think I'le stay,
For he that took your mony's gone away:
Something would yet be done, e're we begin,
Well to an old Play, you have a new Prologue in,
That's more then promised; What if both be ill,
Where are we then, we are your debtors still:
To quit scores, take full liberty to day
To Censure lowd the Actors and the Play:
But at another time when the Play is good,
Sit Silent, that we may be understood.
Your Pardons Gentlemen, 'las 'tis not we
That dare Impose: though Poets sawcy be,
For we confess 'tis very just and fit, (wit,
When they shew none, you should Proclaim your
Take your full Licence as you us'd to do,
But find just faults, or else they'l censure you.

On

On a Shrew.

A Shrew being blam'd, becauſe ſhe ſhew'd
Not ſo much Reverence as by right ſhe ow'd
Unto her Husband: She reply'd ſhe might,
Forbear then complaint of me, I do him right,
His will is mine, he would bear Rule, and I
Deſire the ſame only by Sympathy.

The Prologue to the Widdow.

NOw that the Seaſon of the War is paſt,
We well had hop'd to ſee you here at laſt;
But you this Winter find out other ways
To kill your ſelves, and to deſtroy our Plays.
You meet in Maſquerade to paſs your time,
Without the help of Reaſon or of Rime,
You talk, and cheat each other in diſguiſe,
And draw ten blanks of Beauty for one prize;
Were Viſor of, and all were bound to come,
And ſhew your homely Faces in the Room,
Each one would cry to ſee the reſt appear,
Now what the Dev'l do theſe damn'd faces here:
Then he who ſeem'd a Lord in that dumb ſhow,
Prove ſome young Spark of *Pater-Noſter-Row.*
And ſhe who in diſguiſe appear'd ſo pretty,
Turns up her Maſque and ſhews the Orange *Betty.*

Thus

Thus tir'd with want of pleaſure home we creep,
And all next day, you lie a Bed and ſleep,
Mean time our empty Seats, your abſence mourn,
We ſigh (but Poets think of you with ſcorn)
For Courting ſtill your ſelves, you ſeem to ſay,
That you Heaven Love, you have more wit then they,
And that one Sceen o'th' Couch, is worth a Play.

The Epilogue to the Widdow.

THe Stage is like a Gaming-houſe, where you
Still throw at all, we bring more old then new
And you of late have ſo ſucceſful bin,
That to our coſt, what e're we ſet, you win
But now we ſo much cunning underſtand
To looſe but little, and to ſtarve your hand,
We butter not, but take the ſafeſt way
To ſet you a ſmall ſum, a poor old Play
If you are kind, throw out for this one ſtake,
For faith 'tis all we can at preſent make
The Poets and the Players now are poor,
But in our next new houſe, we'l ſet you more.

A Song

A Song in the Dutch Lovers.

1. A *Myntas* led me to a Grove
Where all the Trees did ſhade us;
The Sun it ſelf, though it had ſtrove,
It could not have betray'd us.
The place ſecur'd from humane Eyes,
No other fear allows,
But when the Winds that gently riſe,
Do kill the yielding Boughs.

2. Down there we ſat upon the Moſs,
And did begin to play
A thouſand wanton tricks, to paſs
The heat of all the day.
A many Kiſſes he did give,
And I receiv'd the ſame,
Which made me willing to receive
That which I dare not name.

3. His Charming Eyes no aid requir'd
To tell their Amorous Tale;
On her that was already fir'd,
'Twas eaſie to prevail.
He did but kiſs, and claſp me round,
Whilſt thoſe his thoughts expreſt,
And laid me ſoftly on the ground:
O who can gueſs the reſt!
And there I took my reſt.

The second Song in the Dutch Lovers.

1. AH false *Amyntas*! can that hour
So soon forgotten be,
When first I yielded up my power
To be betray'd by thee?
Heaven knows with how much Innocence
I did my heart resign
Unto thy faithless Eloquence,
And gave thee what was mine.

2. I had not one reserve in store,
But at thy Feet I laid
Those Arms which conquer'd heretofore,
Though now thy Trophies made.
Thy Eyes in silence told their Tale
Of Love in such a way,
That 'twas as easie to prevail,
As after to betray.

WHen onely one doth guide the Ship,
That neither Card nor Compass knows,
The Master, Pilot, Men asleep,
The stately Ship is split on shoals.
But when they wake, they start, and stare, and cry,
Who's in the fault? Not I, not I, not I.

So

Even ſo it fares with a High and Mighty State,
Not guided by the Maſter, but the Mate.

The Diſconſolate Girl *for the loſs of her Love, lately Preſt to* Sea.

The Tune, *Bory Verſaile.*

1. AS I was ſitting on the Graſs
Within a ſilent ſhady Grove,
I over-heard a Countrey-Laſs,
Was there bewailing of her Love.
My Love, ſays ſhe,
Is ta'en from me,
And to the Wars is preſt and gone;
He's march'd away,
And gone to Sea,
Alack, alack and welladay,
And left me here alone.

2. My Love he was the kindeſt man,
There's none that's like him in the Town,
He'd gently take me by the hand,
And give me many a brave green Gown.
With kiſſes ſweet
He wou'd me greet,
And often ſing a roundelay;
And ſometimes ſmile,

Then chat a while,
That ſo we might the time beguile,
A live-long Summers day.

3. My Love on *May-day* ſtill would be
The earlieſt up of all the reſt,
With Scarffs and Ribbons then would he
Of all the Crew be fineſt dreſt;
With Morris-Bells,
And fine things elſe:
But when the Piper 'gan to play,
He dane'd ſo well,
I heard 'em tell,
That he did all the reſt excel,
And bore the Bell away.

4. The Man that took my Love away,
Was too too harſh, and too ſevere,
I gently on my Knees did pray
That he my Love wou'd then forbear.
I offer'd too
A breeding Ewe,
And eke a Lamb that was my own:
Do what I cou'd,
It did no good,
But left me in this penſive mood
To ſigh and make my moan.

5. I now will pray the Wars may ceaſe,
That I agen may ſee my Love;

And

And that the Bullets may him miſs,
I will intreat the Powers above;
Which if they grant,
I then will chant
Abroad their Praiſes every day;
And with my charms
Secure from harms
My deareſt Love within mine Arms,
And leave off *Welladay.*

A Song in Praiſe of Drinking.

Tune, *Mr. Smith*'s *Jig*, call'd *Mris. Madge*'s *Jig.*

1. COme take up your Cups, and leave off this
Prittle prattle, Boys,
Away with diſputes, they're onely
Fit for the Schools:
Then trole it about, and call for the
t'other Pottle, Boys,
Who loves not the Juice of the Grape
Are counted but Fools.
For poring on Books will make a man
Dull and muddy too,
And often doth fill the Brain with
Frenzy and pains;

But we with Canary, without any
Pain or ſtudy too,
Copernicus-like, can turn the World
Round with our Brains.

2. A Couple I knew that were beſotted
With Love of late,
And both to be free from *Cupid*'s
Bands did deſire;
The one did reſolve to ſtudy, and
Make his Book his Mate,
The other by *Bacchus* reſolv'd
To extinguiſh hir Fire.
For he that by Study did think
To caſt thoſe thoughts away,
Did meet with a Subject ſtill that
Did add to his Flame.
But tother by Drinking the thoughts
Of Love did ſo allay,
He had almoſt forgotten that ever
He had any Dame.

3. Then off went their Hats, and off
Went all their ſtudious thoughts,
And every one did praiſe the
Juice of the Vine.
And then unto *Bacchus* all did there
Confeſs their faults,
And vow'd they'd be daily offering
Unto his Shrine.

For

For *Mars* is mad, and *Cupid*'s an
Aſſe, and *Apollo* too,
Who thinks by Fighting and Charmes,
And Books to undo us,
But *Bacchus* ſhall be our Protector,
And him we'l follow to;
Being under his Banner, what
Miſcheif can ever come to us.

The Courtiers Wooing a Country-Laſs.

The Tune *Johnſons Jig.*

TEll me my *Betty*, why ſo nice and coy, (had,
Remember the merry paſtimes that we have
We might ere this a gotten a Luſty Boy,
A pox of a Jointure, I think thou'lt make me mad.
I'l ſettle upon thee kiſſes ſweet and plenty,
From one unto two, and ſo from ten to twenty,
Nay more then that, I'l ſettle my ſelf upon thee,
The fineſt covering yet thou ere had'ſt on thee.

2. When that is done, I'l give thee a Silken gown
Shall trail behind thy feet a pretty ſpace,
Of the modiſheſt Silk that now is wore in Town,
And laid in every ſeam with Silver Lace;
Thy Petticoat ſhall be of Silk Prunellay,
O'th' ſelf ſame peice that was made for *Arabella.*

Thy Stockins of *London* Silk, well knit together,
And thy every days ſhoes ſhall be of *Spaniſh* leather.

3. I'le take thee a houſe in any ſtreet i'th Town,
Which thou ſhalt pitch upon for thy delight,
And furniſh ſome o'th Rooms with Beds of down
For thee and I to lye on every Night; (thee,
Thou alſo ſhalt have a Chamber-maid to attend
Shall ſtudy to pleaſe thy humor and never offend
And whenſoever thou ſhalt call upon her, (thee.
She'l anſwer Madam, a purpoſe to give thee
(honour.

4. Some days we will betake us to a Play,
And then we'l Coach about to ſee our Friends,
And then another day, toth' Park away,
Or whereſoever ſtill thy Fancy bends,
And ſo toth' Mulberry Garden we'l have a fling to,
And then in St. *James* his Park we'l ſee the King to,
Where many fine Gallants and Ladies walk for
(pleaſure,
But thee alone ſhall ſtill be my greateſt treaſure.

5. If this will do, then let me know thy mind,
And give me but a kiſs to Seal the ſame,
Thou ſhalt have two for one, I'le be ſo kind
And pay it on thy Lips, from whence it came.
She then did fly into his armes to chear him,
And wiſht no other harm might ere come near him.
As he was hers, ſo ſhe was his for ever, (ſever.
And nought but death, ſhou'd ere their true Love

On

On a Neat but Noble Cheese-feast lately in London.

To the *Scotch* Tune, *Sit thee down by me.*

1. I'le tell you of a Treat in *Throckmorton*-street,
Where many good Friends of late there did (meet,
Where divers sorts of Cheese was so well drest,
That I ne'er yet saw such a Cows-bobby Feast.

2. The first dish of Cheese that was then serv'd in
Was three fat Pullars, with Bacon between
Lac'd round with Sprouts, that I'le swear at first (sight,
I thought 'thad bin Bacon and Pullats downright.

3. The next dish of Cheese that came to the bord
Was a whole half-Lamb a dish for a Lord,
But I know 'twas Cheese, I'de a swore 'thad bin
The Baby of a Ewe, or very near a kin.

(up,
4. The third dish of Cheese that was then brought
Was a Pie with Oysters, and Shrimps to the top
Mingled with Sweet-meats, but that I knew
'Twas Cheese, Ide thought 'thad bin a Pie too.

(clean,
5. The fourth dish of Cheese, though tother were
Yet this all Foul, all Fat, none Lean, (done,
As wild Ducks, Wood-cocks, and Larks, so well
You'd swear 'twere not Cheese, but foul ev'ry one.

6. Now

6. Now God to bleſs our good Benefactors both
That gave us ſuch Cheeſe, firſt Boil'd in broth,
The next Roſt, then Bak'd, then Roſt agen to,
None toſted, as the *Welchmen* uſes to do.

The Welchmans *Wooing his Miſtris.*

To the *Scotch* Tune as above.

1. SHinkin was tell Hur ſorrowful tale,
Of Hur pright Pigsnie live in *Wale*;
How Hur was to *Guenith* a Wooing Ride,
With Hur prave Puckler and Swerd by hur ſide.

2. Firſt Hur was take Hur by the white hand,
And lead Hur over the Mountain land,
Which Hur Couſin *Shinkin*, *ap Morgan*, *ap Shone*,
Was fery well kenow was all hur owne.

3. Then Hur was Sing Hur a Wiſdom Song,
Was make in *London* creat while agone
Of Hur Puty pright, but *Guenith* was ſcorn,
That *Shinkin* with Love was quite forlorn.

4. Then Hur was call for *Welch* Harp, to try
To play fore *Guenith* Melodiouſly,
But Hur was greeve, cauſe *Guenith* was chide,
That *Shinkin* with Love was almoſt died.

5. Then

5. Then Hur was dance a Coranto to,
Was learn in *London* pig while ago,
But Hur was ſlight ſtill all *Shinkins* art,
That *Shinkin* for Love was preak her heart.

6. Laſt Hur was recken hur Pettigree true,
From *Shinkin*, *ap Thomas*, *ap Rees*, *ap Hugh*,
But *Guenith* was cry, and from hur was flew,
So Hur was pid Cruel *Guenith* adew.

The Innocent Girles *Reveng'd.*

A Song and true Story.

1. *Jinny* and *Nelly* together,
Did both of 'em fancy *Will*,
Yet *Willy* regarded neither,
But Courted his *Molly* ſtill,
Yet *Willy* they ſay,
Did keep'm in Play,
And privately call'd 'em his dear,
And *Jinny* and *Nelly*,
The Truth to tell ye,
Did both of 'em make him good chear.

2. To day wou'd *Willy* to *Jinny* go,
O'th morrow with *Nelly* wou'd be,
But neither o'th Girles did ever know
That he with both was ſo free;

For

For *Jinny* did think
She was at the brink
Of Marriage with *Willy* alone,
And *Nelly* likewiſe,
Did always ſurmiſe,
That ſhe ſhould have *Willy* or none.

3. *Jinny* ſometimes to *Willy* gave
A Favour, and Gloves, or Rings,
And *Nelly* wou'd always ready have
The like, or ſome other things,
But what e're he got,
He kept not a jot,
But gave 'em to *Molly* at Night,
That *Willy* and *Molly*,
Did laugh at the folly
Of *Jinny* and *Nelly* out-right.

4. But *Molly* wou'd ſtill be prating,
As Women are uſe to do,
And ſpoke of the Laſſes treating
Of *Willy*, and preſents to,
And how he gave her
The Rings and Favors,
That they had preſented to *Willy*,
And then by your Leaves,
They laught in their ſleeves
That Laſſes ſhou'd e're be ſo ſilly.

5. But now I muſt tell you the knack on't,
To *Jinny* and *Nelly* 'twas known,

That

That *Molly* did uſe to crack on't
In ſeveral places in Town,
But *Nell* on her Breſt,
Did ſee at a Feaſt
The Favour to *Willy* ſhe gave,
And *Jenny* likewiſe,
On her finger eſpies
The Ring ſhe'd giv'n to the Knave.

6. Then *Jinny* and *Nelly* acquainted
Some friends of theirs that were come,
And told how their credits were tainted
By *Will* and *Mall* in the Room.
Then they by a Wile,
Did *Willy* beguile,
And got him into a yard by,
And ſo they mumpt him,
For ſoundly they pumpt him,
Until he for pardon did cry.

7. Then *Molly* did kick and fling to,
And fum'd like a furmety pot,
So from her they took the Ring to,
And what of theirs ſhe had got,
Then out they pull'd her,
And preſently cool'd her,
For under the Pump they plac'd her,
And when they had done,
They bid her go home,
And brag how much they had grac'd her.

A Song

A Song to the first Figure Dance at Mr. Young's *Ball in* Feb. 72.

1. COme Lads and Laſſes,
And haſten your paces,
For this is a merry Dancing day;
'Tis *May-Day* you know
And the Clock has ſtruck Two
And now the Piper begins to play.
The *May-Pole*'s ſeated,
And Bower's compleated,
With Cakes and Ale attending,
And Cream and Cheeſe-cakes,
With Sider and Biskets,
And all of the Pariſhes ſending.

2. My Lord and Lady
Have long been ready,
And both of 'm deckt as fine as may be,
So rich on my word
He looks like a Lord,
And ſhe's as fine as a *Bartlemew* Baby.
She is dreſs'd to day
So wonderful gay,
With that ſhe has gotten together;
And likewiſe is he
As Gallant as ſhe,
With his new faſhion Hat and Feather.

3. There's

3. There's *John* a the Mill to,
With *Joan* a the Hill to,
Have both been there an hour ago;
And *Will* of the *Bell* to
With high dancing *Nell* to
And clad in their best Apparel to.
And *George* a the green,
Is there to be seen,
Together with cherry cheekt *Hester*;
And *Betty* and *Richard*,
With dainty fine *Bridget*
Who came with her capering *Kester*.

4. Then for our-Town hey,
They every one cry,
And each did take his Lass by th' hand;
And about they go
The Green too and fro,
And round the May-pole: then make a stand.
So the Piper then
Fell to it agen,
And *Sellenger's* Round did Play 'um,
And to it they went,
They were all so bent,
The Devil a one could stay 'um.

5. And so they continue
With all their Retinue,
Until they were tir'd with Dancing quite;
The Piper likewise,
Cou'd scarce keep his eyes Open,

Open, for playing from morn till night,
Then hey for the Ale
And Cakes they do call,
And down in the Bowers they ſet 'em,
And when they had done,
Then every one,
Away to their homes did get 'em.

A Song on the Morris at Mr. Youngs *Ball, And to that Tune.*

SOme Pretty Ladies on a day,
Did go abroad a Maying,
And on the gentle graſs they lay,
Till the Fidler fell a Playing.
Then in a trice
They all did riſe
With every one a Feather,
And hand in hand
They made a ſtand
Four and four together.

2. Then every one began to meet,
And tim'd the Muſick truly,
And with their pretty nimble feet
Did keep their meaſures duly.
Then all came out,
And Danc'd about,
And fixt into a figure,

And

And ſo began
The Morris than
With pretty might and vigour.

3. And firſt fair T. D. did begin,
VVhoſe dancing ſcarce has fellow,
And Lovely S. B. follow'd in
VVhoſe dreſs was comly yellow.
Then pretty Li
Tript out and in,
And footed it moſt neatly;
And witty Sm
did likewiſe with
The reſt do all compleatly.

4. Then ſtrait-limb'd Gr. wheel'd about
Her pretty La. to greet ſtill
Who in no figure was out
But handſomly did meet ſtill.
Then airy Ma
Got credits Badge,
By'r true and lofty meaſure;
She well did do,
And ſo did to
Pretty lively L----r.

5. Thus have you heard the Morris out,
Though none were ſo oth crew then
They prettily did turn about
And e'ry one danc't true then.

And at the laſt,
But not too faſt,
They made their Honors neatly;
And who can ſay
That very day
But all was done compleatly?

On his Valentine.

IF I may claim my own, than you are mine
Throughout this year to be my Valentine;
But you perhaps may brand me with the Name
Of Impudent; but Madam, know the blame
Is not in me; for 'twas a chance of mine
That drew your ſelf to be my Valentine:
Therefore if you will needs diſpleaſed be,
You muſt with chance be angry: not with me.

A Scotch Song.

1. KIlt thy Coate *Paggy*,
Kilt it to thy knee,
Change thy mind dear hunny,
And gang along wi' me.

But

But Iſe not kilt my Coate,
Nor Iſe not change my boone;
Nor Iſe not kiſs no Lads
Tall *Will* ccoms to Toone.

2. Change thy mind ſweet *Paggy*,
For *Willy* Leov's not thee;
To Leove, and not Leove agen
Is a fooliſh fantaſie:
I prathee ſweet Leove be waiſe,
And well adviſed be,
And quickly kilt thy Coate
And gea alang with me.

3. There's nothing can withſtand
A willing ſetled moind,
There's neither Sea nor Land,
Shall make me ſtay behind;
But the ſteans that lye in Fields
My pillows needs muſt be,
But, O mine ean ſweet *Willy*
Iſe long to Ligg with thee.

A New Catch.

1. HE that Marries a Girle that's fair,
If he be a Cuckold, he needs not diſpair,
He may be ſav'd without a Prayer
For the ſins of his Wife ſhall ſave him.

But he that Marries an ugly Whore,
And takes a Wench on another ſcore,
May ſay his Prayers o're and o're,
But at length the Devil will have him.

The Old and Decrepit Beggers Wedding.

W*Hilom* there was an Aged Begger Old,
In his life full fourſcore Winters told;
His Head all frozen, Beard long, white as ſnow,
With a ſtaffs propp. uneath elſe might he go
With bleared eyne, all parched dry and cold
With ſhaking-Palſey, little could he hold:
His Cloaths ſo tatter'd, for they were ſo worn,
Older than he, in many pieces torn;
The ſubtleſt eye, and prying'ſt brain, thoſe ſeen,
Both could not gueſs what ſtuff't had ever been:
On's Cloak more ſeveral patches there did ſtick,
That labour'd *Algebras* with all his Magick,
Could once tell how to number; and was fuller
Then was the Rainbow of each various colour:
But not ſo freſh: ſo faden when they were ſeen,
That none could gueſs, which red, which blew,
(which green,
His Turf-houſe lean'd to an old ſtump of Oak,
A hole a top there was to void the ſmoke: (fed,
Cover'd with ſtoln boughs, which could not be
But by his daily begging, daily Bread:

There

There on a little bench I'll leave him then,
Within a while I'll ſpeak of him agen.

Another Begger-woman, a little ſunder'd
From him, whom all the Town ſaid was a hunderd:
Toothleſs ſhe was, nay worn were all her gums,
And all her fingers too were worn to thumbs:
Wrinkles, deep graves to bury all delight,
Eyes new ſunk holes; little ſhe had of ſight:
Little could ſpeak, as little Senſe could tell,
Seldom ſhe heard, ſomtimes the great Town-bell.
A long forgetfulneſs her Legs had ſeiz'd,
For many years her Crutches had them eas'd.
Cloths, thouſand rags tore with the wind and wea-
(ther,
Her Houſe-wifry long ſince had ſow'd together.
No livelyhood, but Charity grown cold,
As ſhe was this, more than her years made old.

In a hot Summers day, they out did creep,
Inlivened juſt like flyes, for elſe they ſleep:
Creeping at laſt, each one to other get
Lowſing each other, kindly thus they met:
Apollo's Maſter-piece ſhining did aim
To light dead aſhes ſparks: not make a flame.
To ſtir up Nature in 'em now ſo cold,
And whither *Cupid* dwells in them who are old?
Now heat and kindneſs made him try to kiſs her,
Her palſied-head ſo ſhak'd he ſtill did miſs her:

He thought of modeſty, ſhe 'gainſt her will
Striving to pleaſe him, could not hold it ſtill:
She mumbled, but he could not underſtand her,
But cry'd ſweet *Hero*, I'le be thy *Leander*:
She ſaid before we met, cold as a ſtone is,
I was: but now am *Venus*, thou *Adonis*.
Such heights of paſſions, Love had brought theſe two,
As youngeſt Lovers, when they gin too woo:
For *Cupids* reign o're Mankind ſtill will have,
He governs from the Cradle to the Grave:
Their vertues ſuch, not ſin; yet would not tarry,
So heated, vow'd a contract then to Marry:
This Marriage now divulg'd was every where
To Neighbour Beggars; Beggars far and near.
The day appointed, and the Marriage ſet,
The lame, the blind, the deaf, they all were met,
Such throngs of Beggars, Women, Children ſeen,
Muſter'd all on the Town's fair graſſy green:
The Bridegroom led between two lame men ſo,
Becauſe our Bridegroom faſt he could not go:
The Bride was led by Blindmen, cloſe behind,
Becauſe you know that Love is alwayes blind.
The Hedge-Prieſt then, which they did with them bring,
Marry'd them both with an old Curtain Ring.
No Father there was found, or could be ever,
She was ſo old, that there was none to give her;
With acclamations now of louder joy,
Pray'd *Hymen Priapus* to ſend a Boy

To

To ſhew a miracle in vows moſt deep,
The Pariſh ſwore their Children all to keep.
Then *Tom a Bedlam* wound his horn: at beſt
Their Trumpet, now to bring away the Feaſt,
Pick'd Marrow-bones they'd found lately in th'
(ſtreet,
VVith Carrots, kickt out of Kennels with their
(feet:
Cruſts gather'd up, for bisket 'twas ſo dry'd
As if't lain in Alms-Tubs long, and more beſide:
Many ſuch diſhes had, but yet 'twould cumber,
Any to name them; more than I can number:
Then came the Banquet, that muſt never fail,
Which the Town gave; that's white-bread, and
(ſtrong Ale;
Each was ſo Tipſie that they could not go,
And yet would dance, and cry for Muſick ho:
Grid-irons & Tongs, with Keys they plaid on to,
And blindmen ſung to them, as us'd to do:
Some that were there, on hollow ſticks did
(ſound,
And ſo melodiouſly they play'd a round:
Lame men, lame Women, mingled cry'd advance,
And ſo all limping ſovially did Dance:
The Deaf men to, for they muſt not forbear,
When they ſaw this, although they could not
(hear:
Which was their happineſs: now to the houſe
Of Bridegroom brought the Bride, each Drunk
(as Mouſe.

No room for any but them two they ſaw,
So laid them down in Bed of freſher ſtraw;
Then took their leaves, put out the ruſhy light,
But they themſelves did revel all the night:
The Bridegroom buſſes now, kiſt, and ſaid friend,
But when he kiſt, thought 'twas at t'other end:
He cry'd her mercy, ſaid he could not look
It was ſo dark, and thought he had miſtook:
No ſaid the Bride moſt ſweetly then y'are right,
As if our Taper here were burning bright:
They buſt, and kiſt, and buſt agen, and kiſt,
And ſhe though Palſy head, it ſeldom miſt;
They both now fill'd with Ale, brains in't did (ſteep
So Arms in Arms, our Lovers fell aſleep:
So, for the will, though nothing elſe indeed
To Love, the Beggars built a Piramide.

The Epilogue to the Beggars Wedding.

TOth' Beggars Trade, I've ſerv'd 2 Prentiſhips,
For which I know I've taſted ſeveral whips:
Give your advice, d'ye think I now am made
Free o'th' Beggars Company, and the Trade:
My mind in ſecret to your ear I ſpeak,
Is ſuch, as I am ſure I ſhall not break,
Unleſs in paſſion, when no meat I get,
When Belly-timber wants, 'twill make one fret.

For

For otherwiſe, when abroad I lead my *Scorta*,
We each may ſay, *Omnia mea, mecum porta*,
And being Philoſophers, there's none will ſcant
Their pittance to us, that we ne'r ſhall want,
Then let *Boreas* burſt his cheeks, anth' Sea roar,
The Beggars bark can ne'r be tumbled o'r:
What fitter ſubject for my Muſe can be,
Than make Deſcriptions of our company;
But being in haſt, and for ſome cauſes vext
I'll ceaſe: and happily may ſay more i'th' next.

For the Beggars theam too well my fortunes fit;
My Fancy's beggarly too, faith and ſo's my wit.

TWo Lords, 4 Knights, 3 Squires, and I the leaſt,
My kind Friend *Will* bids unto his feaſt,
Where was both fiſh, and fleſh, and all ſuch cates
Which men are wont to have, that feaſt great (ſtates,
To pay for which next day he ſold his Nag,
Of whoſe ſwift pace, he uſed much to brag:
Well, I'll ne'r care for red and fallow Deer,
If that a Horſe ſo Cook'd, make ſo good cheer.

A Song.

A Song.

1. 'Tis true fair *Phillis*, heretofore
I your Beauty did adore,
And gave my Captive heart a prize
To the conqueſt of your eyes.

2. But ſince that you ſo cruel prove,
To reject my chaſteſt love,
And do wound me by diſdain,
Give me back my heart again.

3. Although I'm ſure I cannot be
Contented with my liberty;
I am reſolved to ſubmit
To good old Sack to cherriſh it.

On his fair, but faithleſs Miſtreſs.

GO perjur'd Wretch, women I'll court no more
Since *Delia* falſe doth prove, who always (ſwore
In true affection ſhe would conſtant prove;
Yet now forgets mine, for anothers love:

Now

Now every feature which appear'd to me
So beautiful, is meer deformity;
Her face which heretofore Angels outride,
Is Leprous with her falſhood, and her pride:
Then ſince no conſtancy in Women can
Be found: I'll make my Amours to a man.

A Song.

1. I Dye, and yet I dare not ſpeak
To her who doth my paſſion move,
This thought alone my heart doth break,
To know I dare not own my Love.

When e'r I ſee her charming eyes,
I ſtraight become her Sacrifice:
She's fair, which makes me doubt ſhe'l prove
So cruel to reject my love.

2. Upon this Altar of my heart
Love's pure, and chaſteſt flames do burn,
When Love and Death ſhall act their part,
If ſhe but look within my Urn.

Engraven on my heart, ſhe'l ſee
The Idea of her my Deitie,
My Epitaph ſhall be my fate,
My Love made me unfortunate.

The Jealous Girl miſtaken, in a Dialogue between Menalcas *and* Licoris.

1. HEre, here, my fair *Licoris*,
Sit thee down thy weary'd Limbs to reſt,
Where drooping Violets ſo like thy ſelf,
Have made for thee a Neſt.

Graſs for our Sheep here ſtore is,
And a ſhade the Sun can ne'r infeſt
As dark and gloomy, as the greif
Wherewith thou ſeem'ſt ſo ſore oppreſt.

Now let me know
The cauſe of thy dear Woe,
Whoſe precious Food
Is of thy Tears and Blood;
And for whoſe nouriſhment,
Thy ſelf thou near haſt ſpent.

2. *Menalcas* doſt thou ask it,
Need the root inquire what Fruit it bears;
Thou wer't the Spring of all my Joys
And Fountain Art of all my Tears.

Therefore do no more Mask it,
Pitty Friend worſe then true ſcorn appears,
I ſhortly ſhall be gone, and with me yours,
And your Faith *Phillis* fears.

'Tis

'Tis ſhe Falſe man,
Makes me ſo pale and wan,
So ſorrow ſlain,
With that ſhe wept amain,
And hung her gentle head
Like to a Lilly dead.

3. With that the Shepheard moved
Both his eyes and hands to Heaven, he heav'd
His ſpotleſs faith he vow'd, and ſhe
Alas unhappily deceav'd.

That he ne'r *Phillis* Loved
More then ripe ears do love, the ſtormy wind,
But in *Licoris* all his hopers
Eternally ſhould be confin'd.
Quoth ſhe, fie, fie,
Add no more perjury,
I ſaw the Band
Of our true Loves on her hand.
The Ring I thee firſt gave
Sav'd thy life, and dig'd my grave.

4. With that the Shepheard ſmiled
In his heart, glad that he could untie
With ſo much eaſe, the knot of poor
Licoris headleſs Jealouſie.
My Life thou art beguiled
Quoth the Swain, with that the Ring pull'd out
Yet ſeeming reaſon ſome there was
For this, thy but too loving doubt

For

For *Corydon*,
By thy Ring made her one
Like as the Lambs
Miſtaken by their Dams;
But this is thine, and I
More for it till I die.

5. Long ſate the Girl aſhamed,
'Till at laſt, about his Neck ſhe ſtole
Her Arm, then *Venus* belt a better
Cord to hold a wavering Soul.

Her Jealouſie ſhe blamed,
In his breſt ſhe hid her baſhful head,
And whiſper'd to his heart, that if
He lov'd her not, ſhe was but dead,
That no man ere
To her was half ſo dear,
His Pardon pray'd,
Yet being ſore afraid
To looſe ſo ſweet a friend,
Had almoſt wrought her end.

6. *Menalcas* then embrac'd her,
Proteſting that he lov'd her well before,
But now he vow'd that nought but
Death ſhould ever part 'em more.
Now he in's heart had plac'd her,
Cauſe ſhe for love of him was brought ſo low.
There's nought but too much love I find
Has wrought *Licoris* overthrow.

For

For Jealouſie,
There's no man can deny,
Though grown a weed,
But to come of noble ſeed.
And no where to be found
But in Loves richeſt ground.

On his Beautiful Miſtriſs,

To my M. B. *quinteſcence of Beauty,*
I John Thump *does preſent my duty.*

MY deareſt *Maudlin*, dain me at this time,
Thy incomparable parts to blaze in modeſt (rime,
That all hereafter which ſhall hear thy Story,
Will ſay that 'tis to thy Immortal glory:
O thou that able art to take to task all,
Pox, what will rime to that? I am a Raſcal
If I know, 'tis no matter, but for thy credit
I've pen'd a Poem; Prethee tak't and read it,
Thou need'ſt not be aſham'd of't, for it raiſes
Trophies as high as Maypoles to thy praiſes:
And firſt in order, it thy head doth handle,
That's more obicular than a Quadrangle,
O'th' top of which doth grow a tuft of treſſes,
Winter her ſelf array'd in her hoary dreſſes;

Nay

Nay a froſt looks not more lovely, thy brows truly
Have larger furrows then a field plow'd newly.
Thine eyes, hey eyes! I'am now ſo full of clinches!
Are not ſunk into thy head, 'bove 16. Inches
From whence diſtilling, gently there doth ſtream
Two Rivers of whey mixt with curded Cream.
Thy ears are like two pouches which do hang
(byth' ſide
Of a Brawny Ale-wife, when they are not tide.
Strait as a Ramshorn is thy Noſe, more Marrow
Lies in thy Noſtrils then will fill a Barrow;
And at thy lip, to make it Ornamental,
Hangs down a Jewel of Snot moſt Oriental,
The bright gold and thy hair is of one colour,
But it compar'd with thee, that's the duller;
Thy lips are white as Tallow, never man did
Buſs ſweeter things, ſure they'r Sugar-candid;
And that i'th' Winter, ſhe may be free from harm,
They'r thatcht with hair ſweet Soul to keep her
(arc,
Her Teeth more comly then two durty rakes
Her Breath is ſtronger then a dozen Jakes are.
A fig for all Perfumes, a fart for Roſes, (Noſes,
Smelt men but thee, they'd wiſh themſelves all
Thy Voice is Muſical, and ſweet and fine is
As any Heg, or Hag, that ninety nine is,
And when thou talk'ſt, as if thou wert the wonder
Of Women kind, thou art as ſtill as Thunder;
And then for thickneſs 'bout thy lovely waſte,
Thou'rt larger then a Cow is when thou'rt lac'd,
Thy

Thy Butt----- - and the faſhion are ſo all one,
That I'd a ſwore thou hadſt a Fardingal on.
Thy Thighs are like two Poſts that bear a Wind-
(mill up,
Whoſe Sails are turn'd by th'wind that comes from
(the top.
Thy Legs are Badger-like, and go as even
As do Iambick Verſe, or ſplay-legg'd *Steven.*
And where ſhe was born, that you may not be miſ-
(ta'en,
You'll find by her Legs her Birth was *Crooked Lane.*
And now I am come to thy Foot, where I do
Proſtrate my ſelf with rev'rence to thy Shoe;
Which for Antiquity never a jot behind is
Tom Coriats, that travell'd both the *Indies.*
Thy Feet indeed, and I commend thee for't,
Are lovely thick, and excellently ſhort:
She needs muſt dance well, I do long to ſee't,
She keeps her Toes out ſo, and her Heels do meet.
For thy ſweet ſake I will go down to *Pluto*,
And in thy quarrel beat him black and blew too;
And leſt Sir *Cerberus* ſhould be too luſty,
I have a Loaf will hold him play: 'tis cruſty.
I'll have the Dev'l back with me in a Snaffle,
For in that kind I ſcorn to have a baffle.
And ſo I take my leave, my deareſt Pumkin,
And when I meet thee next, I'll kiſs thy-----hand.

A Catch: By Wine, Ale, and Beer.

1.

Wine. I Jovial Wine exhilerate the heart.

Beer. March-Beer is Drink for a King.

Ale. But Ale, bonny Ale, with Spice and a Toaſt,
In the Morning's a dainty thing.

Chorus. Then let us be merry, waſh ſorrow away,
Wine, Beer and Ale ſhall be drunk to day.

2.

Wine. I Generous Wine am for the Court.

Beer. The City calls for Beer:

Ale. But Ale, bonny Ale, like a Lord of the Soil,
In the Countrey ſhall domineer.

Chorus. Then let us be merry, waſh ſorrow away,
Wine, Beer and Ale ſhall be drunk to day.

The

The Wretched Lover. A Song.

1.

SEE how I wretched Lover proſtrate lie,
Bound in your Chains, and yet at liberty:
Striving the Tyes which hold me to unfold;
They being tangled, me the ſtraighter hold.

2.

The Beams ſhot from your Eyes do me inflame,
From thence I burn: O that you felt the ſame!
And whilſt I ſtruggle to evade the fire,
It ſtill is blown up by my vain deſire.

3.

I'm like a Ship which in a Storm is toſt,
Fearing on Rocks each moment to be loſt:
It ſtrives unto the Haven to attain,
But is by adverſe VVinds blown back again.

4.

Thus in Love's Labrinth do I run about,
And find no way by which I may get out.
Lend me the Clue; but if you that deny,
Then come your ſelf, and ſtay eternally.

A Catch to Cupid.

IN vain, O mighty God of Love,
Thou ſhoot'ſt thy Arrows from above;
And with thy too imperious Dart
Doſt hit my *Phillis* frozen Heart:
For as a ſtrong and well-built Wall
Doth back return the Tennis-Ball;
So doth her Adamantine-Heart
Reverberate thy Fiery Dart.

On a Rhodomontade.

FOrtune, the Mother of Inconſtancie,
Doth pride her ſelf that ſhe may conſtant be
To me, whoſe Breath can whirl her Wheel about,
And with a look can put the Gods in doubt.
I with a word the Sun in's full carreer
Can ſtop, and th' Heavens on my Shoulders bear.
I from fierce Thundring *Jove* can's Scepter take,
And with a frown can make Black *Pluto* quake.
I hopping *Vulcan* from his Fiery Cave
Can drag, and make him to become my Slave.

I

I with one ſingle word int' Attoms can
Diſpatiate, and turn the Stouteſt Man
Into a Chaos: I the Univerſe
Can change, and the Decrees of Fate reverſe.

To a Handſome Lady, being accounted Light; Exhorting her to change her Life.

MAdam, Whoe'er looks on your radiant Eyes,
Struck with the Beams, he falls, and proſtrate lies:
And being deeply wounded with the Dart,
Straight for a Victim offers up his Heart:
But riſing, he his Errour ſoon doth ſee;
Becauſe your Form and Virtues diſagree.
Your Beauty makes him ready to adore;
Your Vices to deteſt that which before
He honour'd ſo: So that you do create
At once a Subject for his Love and Hate.
Was but your Beautie deckt with Chaſtitie,
Then I ſhould think you were ſome Deitie.
But 'tis in vain to ſpeak, I clearly ſee
That two ſuch Gifts can in no Woman be:
Then now your ſelf more than a Woman prove,
By being fair, to fly all diſſolute Love.

On a Fiſher that loſt his Prey, his Angle breaking.

IN vain the Fiſher ſtrikes, and tries his Skill
Upon the fooliſh Fiſh, that he may kill;
But rather Arms with Craft the ſilly Fiſh,
To flie his Bait, and ſo avoid his Diſh.
VVhen being unexpert he doth compoſe
His Angle ſlightly, and his Prey doth loſe.

A Song againſt a Single Miſtreſs.

1. FAin would I love my *Delia* two days more.
She kiſſes ſweetly, and ſo nimbly ſtir'd;
And he that loves his Miſtreſs or a VVhore
Above two days, let him be hang'd the third.
Two days again is Phyſick; ſo long ſhe
That's after poyſon, may prove health to me.

2. What did I ſay? Two days? I did repent
As of my doating and intemperate ſtay;
In ſhorter time my doating may be ſpent,
For *Venus* ſelf it ſeems, try'd but a day.

But

But ſhe who this day may be true to me,
To morrow I may find in Bed with thee.

3. Tis not the Number nor Plurality
That ſwells the ſin, or greater makes the ſhame.
One as an hundred is Adultery,
Though change the Perſon, yet the ſin's the ſame.
To kiſs a hundred Whores is no more Crimes
Than 'tis to kiſs one Whore a hundred times.

4. Born under ſome ill Planet, or accurſt,
Sure is that Man that loves one ſingle VVhore,
And with one drink does always quench his thirſt,
And loves one ſingle Miſtreſs, and no more.
There's no more Curſe, nor other torments here,
Nor greater Plague, than love one Whore too dear.

On a Maid that dy'd for Love, her Parents not giving Conſent.

HE that would write an Epitaph for thee,
Muſt be a Lover, yet from Love be free.
If not a Lover, how can he expreſs
In lively Lines the ſum of thy diſtreſs.
And if in Love, then every word and verſe
Doth unto him his Deſtinie rehearſe:
Then every ſtroke his nimble Pen doth give,
Doth wound his heart, & teach him how to live.

A Quill pluck'd from fierce *Cupids* Wing muſt be
His Pen, his Ink muſt come from *Aganipe*:
How can his Eyes be dry, when he doth tell
That from thine Eyes great Showers have often
(fell.

A Song. In a Dialogue between Palemon *and* Corrinna.

1. *Pal.* *Corrinna*, Prethee tell me why
That all do love, but thee and I:
Sure at our Birth 'tis very plain
Some inauſpicious Star did reign.

2. *Cor.* No, no, *Palemon*, thou'rt the Cauſe;
'Tis thou haſt broken *Cupid*'s Laws:
His Laws did ne'er force Women ſo,
To love Men whe'r they wou'd or no.

3. *Pal.* Is that a force, to cringe and pray,
And Treat you Nobly every day?
Had you at firſt not thought it meet,
Why did y' accept a ſecond Treat?

4. *Cor.* Fie, fie, *Palemon*; now y' are more
Miſtaken, than you were before:

For

For 'tis not twenty Treats that can
Oblige us Women t' love a Man.

5. *Pal.* What is it then will make you love?
I'll fetch't from Hell, or Heaven above.
Aſſiſt me now in this diſtreſs,
I'll own you for my Patroneſs.

6. *Cor.* If Women love, it muſt be theſe
Particulars which follow, pleaſe:
Firſt, He muſt be of proper ſize,
Which often does attract our Eyes.

7. Then muſt he have a handſome face,
Good Meen, good Wit, and comely Grace.
Dance well, and have an excellent Voice:
Theſe, theſe confirm us in our choice.

8. Beſides all theſe, he likewiſe muſt
Have that on which we both may truſt,
A great Eſtate, with City and
Country-houſe, both at Command.

9. But faith of theſe you have but one,
That's good Eſtate; 'twont do alone.
This my Advice doth far excel
Thoſe Treats of yours, and ſo farewel.

A Juſt, True, and Honourable Deſcription of MARRIAGE.

OUt of ſtark love and kindneſs, and arrant de-
(votion,
Of Marriage I'll give this galloping Notion:
'Tis the bane of all Bus'neſs, the end of all Pleaſure,
The conſumption of Youth, VVit, Vertue, and
(Treaſure.
'Tis the Rack of our Thoughts, the Night-Mare
(of Sleep,
That calls us to work before the day peep.
That bids us make Brick without Stubble or Straw,
A Wife has no ſence of Conſcience or Law.
If you muſt be for fleſh, take the way that is noble,
In a generous Wench there's nothing of trouble:
You kiſs and you clip, ſtay, do what you pleaſe,
And the worſt you can fear is but a Diſeaſe;
And Diſeaſes, you know, may hope to be cur'd,
But the Torment of Marriage can ne'er be endur'd.

On

On a Young Lady in Love with a Married Man.

ARiſe, fond Beautie, caſt thoſe thoughts away,
To love in vain, 'tis ne'er the near, they ſay.
Your Gallant, who already marri'd is,
Can make of You no other but a Miſs.
Certainly, Madam, *Cupid*'s very blind;
If not, to You I'm ſure he proves unkind,
Which forceth You to be in love with one
Who lets You ſigh and languiſh all alone.
Madam, it troubles me both Night and Day,
That You ſhould love ſo ſtrangely out o'th' way:
I do adviſe You, *Lady*, ceaſe Your Suit,
And don't deſire 't; You haply elſe may rue't.
I've travel'd many Kingdoms o'er and o'er,
Yet never heard of ſuch a thing before.
The Face which heretofore did ſhine ſo bright,
And did abound with raviſhing delight,
Is of a ſudden both grown pale and wan,
And all forſooth is for a Marri'd Man.
O Love! O Love! If e'er thou'lt eaſe a Heart,
Free this poor *Lady*: let him feel the ſmart:
If not, make her to ſcorn his cruel Soul,
As much as he o'er her does now controul:
And ſo for ever thou wilt counted be
A God of Juſtice and of Equitie.

On

On his Beautiful Miſtreſs.

1. NOw guide my hand, you Gods that are above,
To blaze the Beautie of my harmleſs Dove,
With whom I am o'er head and ears in love.

2. She is ſo beauteous, excellent and rare,
There's none with her dares ever to compare;
She's Beautie's Queen, and all her Subjects are.

3. As for her Hair, it is a lightiſh brown,
Which, when unti'd, does to her Heels hang down.
Her Breſts as ſoft as any Thiſtle-down.

4. Her Eyes as ſparkling are as any fire,
Which darts into my Breſt a freſh deſire
To kiſs her hand, and ſo a little higher.

5. No *Lilly* can with her white hand compare,
Her other features all ſo curious are,
That looking on her, I die with deſpair.

6. Her

6. Her Waſte it is ſo pretty and ſo ſmall,
She is my Sweet, my Honey, Dove, my all:
And for her height, She's moderately tall.

7. And for her Humour, Geſture, and her Wit,
All in one Body ſo profoundly knit,
Her Equal no where has been found as yet.

8. Her excellent Voice, when ſhe is pleas'd to ſing,
Sounds better far than th' Nightingal i'th' Spring,
And with an Eccho makes the Woods to ring.

9. She's Vertue't ſelf, as all that know her know it:
Then you will ask me what need I turn Poet,
And ſtrive with ſimple Poetry to ſhow it?

10. If my bad Verſes any one offend,
Another Cup of VVine will make me mend
All I have ſaid, but here I'll make an end.

A Song.

1. IF thou wilt love me, I'll love thee again,
If my Griefs move thee, I'll love thy pain.
If thou diſdain me, I'll die for wo;
And if thou flie me, I'll flie thee too.

For

For Love my Breſt hath fill'd with ſuch a fire,
That whatſoe'er thou wilt, is my deſire.

2. If to be merrie be pleaſing to thee,
I'll leave off ſadneſs, and merrie be:
If Melancholie poſſeſs thy heart,
Then of that ſadneſs I'll bear a part.
For Love my Breſt hath fill'd with ſuch a fire,
That whatſoe'er thou wilt, is my deſire.

3. If thou lov ſt Muſick, I'll love it too;
If Courtſhip pleaſe thee, I'll learn to woo:
If Dancing like thee, I'll learn the ſame,
And unto that my mind I'll frame:
For Love my Breſt hath fill'd with ſuch a fire,
That whatſoe'er thou wilt, is my deſire.

4. If thou would'ſt have me near thee ſtill,
I always ſhall obey thy will:
Or if my preſence ſometimes be
Offenſive, I will fly from thee:
For Love my Breſt hath fill'd with ſuch a fire,
That whatſoe'er thou wilt, is my deſire.

5. If thou'ſt a mind a Miſs to be,
Then I will be moſt true to thee:
Or if to Marriage thou'rt inclin'd,
I quickly then will change my mind:
For Love my Breſt hath fill'd with ſuch a Fire,
That to be cool'd by thee is my deſire.

On Captain Hicks *his Curioſities of Nature : By a Young Lady.*

NO Art to Nature can be equaliz'd ;
VVhen 'tis at beſt, 'tis but as Truth diſguis'd:
As Shadows like it doth but repreſent,
With all the Skill that Artiſts can invent.
Wonders of Nature can ne'er be out-done,
Since they are fram'd by Providence alone.
Some things for Service, ſome to pleaſe the ſight,
Their great Contrivance doth create delight :
Yet to dull Fancies, moſt ſuch things as theſe
Are not eſteem'd, and that's it cannot pleaſe.
So ſtill 'tis Ignorance that denies 'em Worth,
Not able to diſcern or ſet them forth :
Such Rarities I much admire my ſelf,
Since 'tis Earth, Air, and VVaters greateſt wealth.
I ſhould detract from them, ſhould I but praiſe
Heavens greateſt Wonders, 'mong which I num-
(ber theſe.
Moſt Elements do grace this rare Collection,
Which Nature hath brought forth to great Per-
(fection :
And for your trouble, Sir, in gathering of 'em,
Ingenious Men will praiſe you, and thoſe that
love 'em.
VVhoſe

VVhoſe great Applauſe you juſtly do deſerve,
Your time being ſpent Heavens VVonders to pre-
(ſerve.
More might be ſaid, all with me will agree,
Onely the great'ſt defect is in

E. C.

His Anſwer to Madam E. C. *Upon her Curious Art in Cutting Figures in Paper; and other her Artificial Curioſities.*

I'Ve often read that Art a Hand-maid was
Unto Dame-Nature, and not without Cauſe:
But now I ſee the contrary: for in you
I find the Proverb can no more be true:
For you in Art excel Dame Nature ſo,
That one would think your very Flowers do grow:
So well they're cut, by your ingenious hand,
VVhen *Curioſoes* ſee 'em, they're at a ſtand;
And plainly ſay, That ſo it cannot be,
By any thing that's humane, but ſome Deitie.
Nay, Painters do confeſs 'tis done ſo well,
They thought 'em natural, onely for the ſmell.
For Men, Birds, Beaſts, Fiſhes, Trees, Plants, and
(Flowers,
Are ſo well cut by that ſame hand of yours,
That

That all do ſtand amaz'd, and plainly ſay,
You in this Art do bear the Bell away.
'Tis rare to ſee a Female Herald; yet you,
When of your Curioſities I took a view,
I ſaw ſome Coats of Arms ſo exactly done,
The Painters Pencils with Sciſſars Y'ave out-gone.
And painted Paper is the onely Thing,
With the Clipping Tool, You to life do bring
To th' Eye thoſe things which ſeem inanimate.
I wiſh deſtroying Time may no period ſet
Unto thoſe Eyes and Hands of Yours, which do
Imploy themſelves to your content, and ours too.
I'll ſay no more but this, and do deſpiſe
All flatterie, That had I a thouſand Eies,
On Your Myſterious Art I would them fix,
So long as I am call'd

W. Hicks.

Moll bears in one hand fire, water in th'other;
But in her Chaffindiſh bears both together.
She's Ambodexter, with both her hands ſhe plays;
Yet her Game's ſiniſter, both by nights and days.
She's won with an Apple, and loſt with a Nut;
Her Bum is no *Bilbo*, and yet it will cut
As keen as a Razor, that ſhaves away all,
Though ſhe no ſweet Water hath, nor Barbars Ball.

A Looſe Acquaintance once of me deſir'd
To paſs my word for Sattin for a Suit;
But being loth to do what he requir'd,
I of a Conſonant became a Mute:

Which he took for Conſent, and Sattin got:
But ſeeing him miſtake the Mute ſo much,
I Silence broke, and told him I would not,
Unleſs I kept the Stuff that muſt keep touch.

Had I been bound for one that was ſo looſe,
I had been gull'd, and pull'd, and made a Gooſe.

On Fat Peg.

M*arg'ret* doth muſe how ſhe ſo fat becomes,
That eats but once a day, to wit all day;
Her Breſts like Balloons, & like Globes her Bums,
One ſleep ſerves her all night; that is to ſay,

All night ſhe ſleeps, ſhe ſnores, ſhe farts, paſt care,
Thus fares it with our *Margaret*, or great Mare.

Of

Of Lying Robbin.

Robbin his Lies are not pernicious Lies,
But pleaſant Fictions, hurtful unto none
But to himſelf; for no man counts him wiſe,
To tell for truth that which for falſe is known.

He ſwears that *Gaunt* is threeſcore miles about,
And that the Bridge at *Paris* on the *Sein*,
Is of ſuch thickneſs, length, & bredth throughout,
That ſixſcore Arches can it ſcarce ſuſtain.

He ſwears he ſaw ſo great a dead mans Skull
At *Canterbury* digg'd out of the ground,
That would contain of Wheat three Buſhels full.
And that in *Kent* are twenty Yeomen found,

Of which the pooreſt ev'ry year diſpends
Five thouſand pounds. Theſe & a thouſand mo
So oft he hath recited to his Friends,
That now himſelf perſwades himſelf 'tis ſo.

But why doth *Robbin* tell his Lies ſo riſe,
Of Bridges, Towns, and things that have no life?
He is a Lawyer, and doth well eſpy
That of ſuch Lies an Action will not lie.

Faults in Foreheads.

IF each ones Faults were in his Forehead writ,
Lives onely would be read, the reſt rejected.
Nor Hats nor Bonnets then would eas'ly fit,
And loweſt foreheads would be moſt reſpected.
The holy Hermit would be apprehended
Of Crimes unthought of, till we read 'em there:
Reputed Virgins would, Thirteen once ended,
In Colours full of Guiltineſs appear.
Nor I my ſelf that ſhould my ſelf know beſt,
Nor thou, dear Miſtreſs, be at all exempted;
We ſhould be both on many tongues profeſt,
Thou for thy yielding, I for having tempted.
But why ſhould'ſt thou one fault for me avow?
Thy faults are written in thy Husbands Brow.

A Scotch Song.

1. I Needs muſt gang a Wooing,
I can no longer ſtay:
For *Jinny* is marr'd for doing,
Some Loon will ſteal her away.

2. I

2. I VVou'd not for a world
Leuſe her gude companie ;
For I have guds enough
To maintain her and I.

3. A lang long live-long day
Is aul too little for me
To reckon up what I ha,
To derive my Pertigree.

4. Feth *Jocky*, thou art to bleam,
I dare both ſay and ſwear ;
Iſe ne'er come at thee agen,
Till I know thy guds and thy geer.

5. I have an awd Mear of mine awn,
She's twenty year awd and ſean,
She coſt me twenty good Placks,
And now ſhe's well worth elean.

6. I have three dozen of Buttons,
Gude Braſs, and all in a ſtring ;
With a dainty Cale Whittle beſide,
And a brave Curtain-Ring.

7. I ha three ſhoes for a feut,
And twa o' them want ſoles,
With a dainty left-feut Beut,
And thrutteen dozen of holes.

8. The Grains of a Fire Pore in,
The Rim of a Spinning-Wheel,
An old Huke for an Elſing-Haft,
A Spindle, a Rock, and a Reel.

9. I have a gude Hank of Yarn,
'Tis three year ſince it was ſpun,
With a pair of Socks for a Barn,
And an end of awd Pipe Bum.

10. My Granny ſhe gave me a Hickle,
And Jinny, I give it to thee,
With hawf of a gude awd Sickle;
And thus Riches run on with me.

11. A Hook with a Laſh in the end,
In money three Scotch Marks
On the wedding-day we'll ſpend,
Or elſe we'll pawn our Sarks.

12. We'll ſend for Sir *John* the Vicar,
And *Meg* and *Maudlin* ſune,
And we'll have Crook *Dick* the Piper,
He'll play us a merry tune.

13. And now to the Kirk they are gean,
And *Jinny* has hauſted *Jock*:
For the De'il a Sark had *Jocky*,
Nor *Jinny* had never a Smock.

14. And our Sir *John* the Vicar
Unto the matter did ſay,
Here *Jinny* tack thee *Jocky*,
And gea together gea.

15. And the De'il gea with ye beath,
And ſend ye mickle ſhame,
For I ne'er coupled ſike together,
Since I to th' Kirk firſt came.

A Song.

The Tune, *Madams farewel.*

1. MY Youth it was free
From horrour
And terrour:
I ne'er did agree
With the Black nor the Fair:
So ſtubborn I grew,
I laught at,
And ſcoff'd at
Thoſe men that I knew
Were brought in Loves Snare.

Nay, more than this, I laugh'd at the pains
Men took to be wretched, and loaded with chains.

But when I the Charms of my *Phillis* did ſee,
I reſign'd up my heart, and refus'd to be free.

2. My heart then began
To be fired
And mired
With Love: Never Man
Was in Fetters ſo faſt;
Yet forgot that ſhe was
A Woman,
For no Man
Could yet know the Cauſe
Why their love does not laſt.

I never conſider'd the Tricks nor the Art
She us'd to intangle, and captive each Heart.
At length I diſcover'd, and preſently knew
That my *Phillis* was fickle, and could not be true.

3. I curſt my hard fate,
That taught me
And brought me
Into this ſad ſtate,
Thus to kindle my flame:
When I did begin
To pauſe on't,
The cauſe on't
I knew it was mine,
Not my *Phillis* to blame.

I bore ſuch reſpect to her, that I thought
Whatever ſhe did, 'twas I was in fault.

At

At length I resolv'd that I never would be
So mad as to love, but would ever be free.

The Politick Wedding.

The Tune, *Shackle de Hay.*

1. *Jan* and *Nan* were both in love,
And often met together;
And *Wat* and *Kate* did Rivals prove,
To watch their coming thither:
For *Watty* he did fancy *Nan*,
And *Katy* she was fond of *Jan*;
But 'twas unknown to either.

2. At last it came to *Watty*'s Ear
That *Kate* did fancy *Janny*;
And *Katy* she did likewise hear
That *Wat*'s in love with *Nanny*:
And both together did agree
To spoil their former Amitie;
But 'Twas unknown to any.

3. So *Watty* did to *Janny* go,
And vow'd he'd be his Friend still,
By which intrigue he still did know,
Whate'er they did intend still.

What

What news ſoever he did know,
To *Katy* he would quickly go,
Or unto her would ſend ſtill.

4. Poor *Jan* and *Nan* were ſadly griev'd
To ſee they were betray'd ſtill;
They knew not how they were deceiv'd,
Wat ſo his Plots had laid ſtill.

They knew it muſt be *Wat* alone
That did betray and ſtill make known
What e'er they did or ſaid ſtill.

5. So both together laid a Plot
To frame a Quarrel neatly,
Whereby they might diſcover *Wat*,
And ſo come off compleatly:

For when that he unto them came,
A Quarrel they ſo well did frame,
That it ſucceeded featly.

6. Then *Wat* away to *Kate* did go,
And quickly told her of it;
This news, ſays ſhe, which now I know,
I ever more did covet.

And now the plot ſo well is laid,
And thee thy part ſo well haſt plaid,
Lets ſtudy to improve it.

7. Then *Katy* went to *Jan*, and ſaid,
That *Nan*'s in love with *Watty*;

And

And *Wat* told *Nan* ſhe was betraid,
For *Jan* did fancy *Katy*.

By which they did diſcover that
They were betraid by *Kate* and *Wat*,
In all their private Treaty.

8. Then privately they thank'd 'em both
For what they did diſcover,
And both ſeem'd paſſionately wroth,
Calling each a perjur'd Lover.

Then *Wat* told *Kate* what he had done,
And *Kate* the thread that ſhe had ſpun,
And for that time gave over.

9. O'th' morrow *Jan* for *Kate* did ſend,
And rail'd againſt poor *Nanny*;
And *Nanny* did on *Watty* ſpend
A groat, and rail'd on *Janny*.

And ſo't continu'd day by day,
That *Wat* and *Kate* would ſmile & ſay,
Poor Souls we ſhall trapan ye.

10. When *Jan* & *Nan* had brought about
Their ends, they ſoon did marry:
For *Wat* and *Kate* did never doubt
Their plot could e'er miſcarry.

And being a bed on th'wedding-night,
Put *Wat* and *Kate* in ſuch a fright,
They ſcarce could make 'em tarry.

11. When

11. When *Wat* and *Kate* had paus'd a while,
And ſaw th' were circumvented,
Both *Jan* and *Nan* put on a ſmile,
And both their loves preſented;

And told them they knew how it was,
For love, not hatred, was the cauſe,
And pray'd 'em reſt contented.

12. *Wat* then did go and kiſs the Bride,
And took her by the hand too;
And *Katy* went a tother ſide,
And kiſs'd her Lover *Jan* too.

O'th' morrow *Wat* and *Kate* did wed,
And *Jan* and *Nan* ſaw them in bed,
And each kiſs'd Maid and Man too.

13. Next day for Muſick all did ſend,
And all their Friends invited;
And that their Loves might have no end,
Their Faiths they all there plighted.

Then *Jan* and *Nan*, and *Wat* and *Kate*
Did dance, and feaſt, and kiſs, and prate,
Until they were benighted.

14. Thus have you ſeen this double knot,
How both have had their ſpeeding;
How both did plot and counter-plot,
And both on hopes were feeding.

And therefore now I do intend
At preſent for to make an end
Of this my Politick Wedding.

The Drunkards Invitation. A Song.

1.

COme take up your Cups and ſpare not,
And think no more hurt than I do;
Call for Quart after Quart,
To drive Sorrow from thy Heart;
And then tumble in the dirt as I do:

2.

Come take up your Liquor and ſtay not,
Still calling for more, as I do,
And up with your Drink,
Till y'ave ſpent all your Chink,
And then run on the Score as I do.

3.

Come take up your Drink, and flinch not,
And every day feaſt as I do;
Drink again and again,
Till y'ave fill'd ev'ry Vein,
And then ſpew like a Beaſt, as I do.

Come

4.

Come trole it about with ſwiftneſs;
Be every day drunk as I,
And get many knocks,
Nay be put in the Stocks,
For kiſſing your Punk, as I do.

5.

Pick Quarrels, and fight in thy fury,
And meet with your match as I do,
And be laid by the Heels,
Though againſt your wills,
For abuſing the Watch as I do.

6.

Come wind up your bottoms and care not,
Till y'ave belcht and ſtunk as I do,
Call for Pint after Pint,
Till the Brain's out of joint,
Then caſt up what y'ave drunk as I do.

7.

I'll adopt you my Heirs at preſent,
And inſtall you the Sons of King *Priam*;
So that you will be
So frolick and free,
To be every man drunk as I am.

A Scotch Song.

1.

AND I mun ha my Goon made,
My Goon made, my Goon made,
And I mun ha my Goon made
Fit unto my Body;
Side and wide and long enough,
Side and wide and long enough,
Side and wide and long enough,
As fine as any Lady.

2.

And I mun ha my Goon trim'd up,
My Goon trim'd up, my Goon trim'd up,
And I mun ha my Goon trim'd up,
'Tis true as I do tell ye;
Ten Seams laid down the Back,
Ten Seams laid down the Back,
Ten Seams laid down the Back,
And twenty down the Belly.

3.

An I mun ha a Waſtcoat too,
A Waſtcoat too, a Waſtcoat too,

An I mun ha a Waſtcoat too,
Twill hang down to my Weam too:
The Cloth muſt be of Scarlet fine,
The Cloth muſt be of Scarlet fine,
The Cloth muſt be of Scarlet fine,
With many a pratty Seam too.

4.

An I mun ha a Petticoat,
A Petticoat, a Petticoat,
An I mun ha a Petticoat,
Made of Crimſon Tabby,
Lac'd up before, and round about,
Lac'd up before, and round about,
Lac'd up before, and round about,
As gay and fine as may be.

5.

Of Spaniſh Leather muſt be made,
Muſt be made, muſt be made,
Of Spaniſh Leather muſt be made
All the Shoes I wear, *Jo*;
With Silken Knot to tie 'em faſt,
With Silken Knot to tie 'em faſt,
With Silken Knot to tie 'em faſt;
I wou'd I had 'em here, *Jo*.

6.

If thou'lt lend me thy Loom, Lad,
Thy Loom, Lad, thy Loom Lad;

If thou'l t lend me thy Loom, Lad,
I'll lend thee mine again, *Jo.*
The De'il a bit my Loom I'll lend,
I lent it unto nine or ten,
And they have ſent it back again,
But put it out of frame, *Jo.*

A Song.

1.

LEt Back and Sides go bare,
Let Hand and Foot go cold:
But O let the Belly have Ale enough,
Whether it be new or old,
Whether it be new or old, Boys,
Whether it be new or old.
But O let the Belly have Ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

2.

A Beggars a thing as good as a King,
I'll tell you the reaſon why:
For a King cannot ſwagger,
And drink like a Beggar,
No King ſo merry as I,
No King ſo merry as I, Boys,
No King ſo merry as I.

For a King cannot ſwagger,
And drink like a Beggar:
No King ſo merry as I.

3.

Some call me Knave and raſcally Slave,
But I know how to collogue:
For then I adore 'um, and call 'em o'th' Quorum,
And then I'm an honeſt Rogue,
And then I'm an honeſt Rogue, Boys,
And then I'm an honeſt Rogue:
For then I adore'um, and call 'em o'th' Quorum,
And then I'm an honeſt Rogue.

4.

If a fart flies away, where makes he his ſtay?
Can any man think or ſuppoſe?
For a fart cannot tell, when'tis out, where to dwell,
Unleſs it be in your Noſe,
Unleſs it be in your Noſe, Boys,
Unleſs it be in your Noſe:
For a fart cannot tell, when'tis out, where to dwell,
Unleſs it be in your Noſe.

Queen ELIZABETH's *Song.*

The Tune is, *Sellengers Round.*

1.

I Tell you all, both great and ſmall,
And I tell you truly,
That we have a very great cauſe all
For to lament and cry,
O fie, O fie, O fie, O fie,
O fie on cruel Death;
For he has ta'en away from us
Our good Queen *Elſabeth.*

2.

He might have ta'en other good voke,
That better might have been miſt,
And left our gracious Queen alive,
That lov'd no Popiſh Prieſt.
She rul'd this famous Land alone,
And was beholding to no man:
She bore the weight of all affairs,
And yet ſhe was but a woman.

3.

A Woman, ſaid I, Nay, that's more
Than any one can tell:
So fair ſhe was, ſo wond'rous chaſte,
That no man knew it well.
The *Monſieur* came himſelf from *France*,
On purpoſe for to woo her;
And yet ſhe liv'd and dy'd a Maid,
Do any man what he could to her.

4.

She never did any wicked thing,
That might in Conſcience prick her,
Nor never ſubmitted her ſelf to him
The Papiſts call Chriſts Vicar.
But rather choſe couragiouſly
To fight under Chriſts Banner,
'Gainſt Turk, & Pope, & King of *Spain*,
Or all that durſt withſtand her.

5.

And if I had *Argus* Eyes, alas,
They were too few to weep
For our good Queen *Elizabeth*,
That now does lie aſleep.

Aſleep,

Aſleep, quoth I, ſhe now doth lie,
Until the day of Doom:
And then ſhe'l riſe to the foul diſgrace
Of the great Pope of *Rome*.

A Song. To Fortune.

1.

BLind Fortune, if thou want'ſt a Guide,
I'll teach thee how thou maiſt divide;
Diſtribute unto each his due:
Juſtice is blind, Juſtice is blind,
Juſtice is blind, and ſo are you.

2.

To th' Uſurer this doom impart,
May the Scrivener break his heart;
His Debtors unto Beggery fall;
Or what's as bad, or what's as bad,
Or what's as bad, Turn Courtiers all.

3.

And to the Tradeſmen that ſell dear,
A long Vacation all the year:
Revenge thee thus on their deceits;
And ſend them Wives, and ſend them Wives,
And ſend them Wives light as their Weights.

4.

But Fortune, who will recompence
The Frenchmans daily Inſolence?
For them I know no greater pain,
Then to be ſent, then to be ſent,
Then to be ſent to *France* again.

Chorus in Two Parts.

5.

If theſe Inſtructions make thee wiſe,
Men will reſtore again thine Eyes;
By a New Stile thou ſhalt commence,
Not Fortune call'd, not Fortune call'd,
Not Fortune call'd, but Providence.

6.

But leſt thine Altars want all fires,
To bribe mens votes, grant their deſires.

To

To Lovers who would not believe
Their ſweet miſtakes, their ſweet miſtakes,
Their ſweet miſtakes, thy Blindneſs give.

7.

Then leſt the Players ſhould grow poor,
Send them *Aglaura*'s more and more:
And to the Roundhead grant more Ears
Than *Ceres* in, than *Ceres* in,
Than *Ceres* in her Garland wears.

8.

And if thou wilt Phyſicians pleaſe,
Send them another new Diſeaſe.
To Schollars give, if thou canſt do't,
A Benefice, a Benefice,
A Benefice without a Suit.

9.

To Courtiers grant them pleaſures high,
And to their Wives Community.
So Fortune, thou wilt pleaſe them all;
If Lords do riſe, if Lords do riſe,
If Lords do riſe, and Ladies fall.

10.

And to the Lawyers I'll beſeech
As much for Silence as for Speech.
To Ladies Uſhers ſtrength of Back;
And to my Self, and to my Self,
And to my Self a Cup of Sack.

On Mr. Owen's *Death, Butler of a Colledge.*

WHy Death did honeſt *Owen* ſo ſoon catch,
Into my mind it cannot eas'ly ſink,
Unleſs that Death came to the Buttery Hatch,
And honeſt *Owen* would not make him drink.

If it be ſo, then *Owen* 'twas thy fault,
That Death, inſtead of Drink, made thee his Draught.
Not ſo, nor ſo; for *Owen* gave him Liquor;
Death being fox'd, took him away the quicker.
Yet be content, let care ne'er trouble thy mind,
Though the Butlers gone, the Keys are left behind.

On

On the ſame Owen.

FUll four and twenty Letters once there were,
And *O.* and *N.* were two among the reſt;
But they their number henceforth cannot bear,
For *O.* and *N.* are buried in a Cheſt.

Had *O.* been gone, no man had it repented,
And then it would full well have been for us.
But *O. N.* 's gone, which is to be lamented;
So Fortune's to us much prepoſterous.

Owen, let School-boys glory in thy fall:
Becauſe they have two Letters leſs to con;
For two and twenty now is onely all,
By means of which, they oft will ſave their (Bum.

Whil'ſt we'll condole thy Death, ſince by 't we (get
A Lam'd Chriſts Croſs, and a Crippled Alphabet.

On

On Great Tom *of* Christ-Church, *his being newly Cast.*

BE dumb, you Infant-Chimes, thump not your (Mettle,
That ne'er out-rings the Tinker and his Kettle.
Ceaſe all you petty Larums, for to day,
'Tis Great *Tom*'s Reſurrection from the Clay:
And know where *Tom* rings out his loudeſt knells,
The beſt of you will be but Dinner-Bells.
And for thy meritorious ſuffering,
Thou ſhortly ſhalt to Heaven in a ſtring.
We much are griev'd, becauſe we ſee thee caſt,
As being not well: yet hope the worſt is paſt.
Some ſay it was, becauſe thy Brain was crack'd;
If it be ſo, then well done was the fact:
And though ſome *Cains* have made *A Bell* of thee,
Thou't Clapper-claw 'em, when thou once art free.
Thou't thunder out at nine a Clock ſuch noiſe
Will make the Schollars all to dread thy voice:
And after Thunder, fierce Lightning then may (come,
From Proctor or Vice-Chancellor; Haſten home.
Well, deareſt *Tom*, I'll take my leave of thee,
And think e'er long thou't be too high for me:

And

And for thy ſins did'ſt fall as low as Clay,
And through a fiery Trial did'ſt run, they ſay,
To clear thy jarring temper, which was ſore
Againſt thy will, as being hoarſe before.
And coming down, dear *Tom*, to learn to ſing
A better Note, we hope thou'ſt make it ring
In all our Ears, thou mended haſt thy voice;
'Twill make the Schollars, unleſs at nine a Clock,
(rejoyce.
Nay, 'twill pleaſe the hearts of all good People,
Whence once thou'rt lifted up into the Steeple;
Unleſs Fanaticks, who regard it not a Louſe,
Whatever cometh from the Steeple-houſe.
And though we grieve to ſee thee thump'd and
(bang'd,
Yet all rejoyce, great *Tom*, to ſee thee hang'd.

The Maids Complaint.

1.

IT was i'th' merry month of *May*,
When ev'ry thing look'd freſh and gay,
I heard a Maid complain and ſay,
Her Mother ſhe had done her mickle wrong,
For ſuffering her to live a Maid ſo long.

2. Then

2.

Then ſhe began to ſigh and groan,
To ring her hands, and make great moan,
'Cauſe ſhe, poor heart, was left alone.
And no kind Soul would ever pity her pain,
For her Maidenheads loſs would prove to her a (gain.

3.

I nimbly then did ſtep unto her,
And preſently became a Woer;
And that of me ſhe ſhould be ſure,
Would give her a doſe ſhould her malady quell;
But ſtill ſhe vow'd ſhe'd ne'er lead Apes in Hell.

4.

Then to Courting I began,
And told her I would be the Man:
Though before ſhe look'd both pale and wan,
Yet now in her cheeks a colour 'gan to riſe:
But ſtill ſhe ſaid, Pray Sir be merry and wiſe.

5.

What was done, I muſt not tell,
But yet I found ſhe lik'd it well,
Becauſe ſh'd ne'er lead Apes in Hell.

And

And then of Kiſſes ſhe gave me ſuch plenty,
That one of mine produc'd the number twenty.

6.

I then began to haſte away,
But ſhe in kindneſs pray'd me ſtay;
I bid her 'point another day,
She told me then to morrow, pray come hither,
That ſo we may our Notes compare together.

On a Parſimonious Sheriff of Oxford.

FIe, Schollars, fie; have you ſuch thirſty Souls,
To ſwig, quaff, & carouſe 'ith' Sheriffs Bowls?
Tell me, mad Youngſters, what do you believe?
D'ye think it coſt him nothing to be Shrieve?
To ſend ſo many Beeſes, ſo many Weathers,
Maintain ſo many Hats, ſo many Feathers?
Again, is Malt ſo cheap this pinching year,
That you ſhould make ſuch havock of his Beer?
I hear you are ſo many, that you make
Moſt of his Men turn Tapſters for your ſake:
And yet, when he even at the Bench doth ſit,
You tear his Meat from off the borrow'd Spit,
And keep ſuch hurly-burly as it paſſes,
In gurgitating ſometimes whole half Glaſſes.

And

And ſome of you forſooth are grown ſo fine,
Or elſe ſo ſawcy, as to call for Wine.
As if the Sheriff had put men in truſt,
Which durſt draw out more Wine than needs they (muſt.
In faith, in faith, it is not well, my Maſters,
Nor fit that you ſhould be the Sheriffs Taſters.
It were enough, you are ſuch Gormandizers,
To make the Sheriffs henceforth all turn Miſers:
Or to remove the Aſſize to th' Towns Diſgrace,
To *Banbury*, *Henly*, or elſe ſome ſuch place,
He never had complain'd, had it but been
A pretty Firkin, or a Kilderkin:
But when a Barrel daily is drunk out!
My Maſters then 'tis time to look about.
Is this a lye d'ye think? I tell you no:
My Lord High Chancellour was informed ſo:
And O what would not all the Bread in Town
Suffice to drive the Sheriffs Liquor down,
But he in Hampers muſt from home it bring?
O moſt prodigious, O moſt monſtrous thing!
Upon ſo many Loaves of Home-made Bread,
How long might he and his ten men have fed?
Which he, no doubt, intended to have fed
With the ſweet Morſels of his broken Bread.
But when that they, poor Souls, for Bread did (call,
Anſwer was made, The Schollars eat up all:
And when of broken Beer he crav'd a Cup,
Anſwer was made, The Schollars drank it up.

And

And this I know not how they chang'd the Name,
Cut did the Deed, and *Longtail* bears the blame.

The Speech of a Mayor of a Town, when a King came there.

GReat King, to bid Thee welcome, behold I
Do ſpeak to Thee, although my mouth
(ſtand by:
I'll do my beſt, but he can do much better;
He is Book-learn'd, I never knew a Letter.
When yeſterday the Poſt did Tidings bring,
That I ſhould ſee You here, our Royal King;
For my own part into an Ague I did fall,
And greatly gaſped with my Brethren all.
But leaſt your Majeſty ſhould think us ſlack,
Each one of us did drink a Pint of Sack;
Armour of Proof, the beſt thing we could find
To chear our heart, and eaſe our troubled mind.
We went about to muſter up our forces
To meet You, but indeed we wanted Horſes.
Our Foot-Cloths alſo, with Rats and Mice offen-
(ded,
In ſo ſhort ſpace could not be patch'd and men-
(ded,
Therefore this Stage, which holds us here at large,
Was wiſely founded at the Towns own charge.
Theſe

These men in Scarlet, that you plainly see,
Have been in highest place of Majesty;
The other Purple Gowns that do appear,
Are like to wear my Staff another year.
The Streets that you do pass on either hand,
Are sweetly flowr'd with Gravel and with Sand.
The Conduit at the Cross, if you mark well,
Is newly painted, you may know by th' smell:
The place against it, is the place where I
Do sit in all my Pomp and Dignity:
Whilst I do Justice, be it Right or Wrong,
Unto the Rich or Poor, the Old or Young.
St. *Peter*'s Church, where I am often seen,
Stands near unto it, but a House between;
Where ev'ry Sunday unto my poor Power,
Sleeping and waking, I do spend an hour.
Your Grace may see our Houses have been spunging,
And your Neat Wine shall be without much blunging.
But in this one thing pray by me be rul'd,
Do not drink of it unless you find it mull'd:
But if you see't look blew on either side,
Then to't; I wis you need no other Guide.
Our Towns not rich, yet God be thanked,
With no small Charge we have procur'd a Banquet,
Four pounds it cost, besides I am afraid
The Carriage of it down is yet unpaid:
If you had come to Dinner, without boast,
You should have eat with me no worse than Roast.

For

For though I ſay't, I would have let you looſe
Unto the flank of a fat butter'd Gooſe.
A Cup of Gold unto Your Grace I'll bring,
I hope You'l give to us ſome better thing.
For I'll beſworn that it goes near my heart,
When from ſo many Goldings I did part:
But much good d'it ye, we will ne'er repent;
Since they are gone, they might on worſe be ſpent.
Some ſay of me you mean to make a Knight;
Nay rather take a Halter and hang me quite;
That it may ne'er be ſaid, it came to paſs,
That it beſtowed was on *Balaam*'s Aſs:
Therefore I humbly crave I may go free,
And give it to the Mayor of ſome City.
Thus from my ſpeech abruptly I will break,
And if you'l know me, hear the Recorder ſpeak.

The Deſcription of a Beautiful Woman.

THeſe thirty Things that *Helens* fame did raiſe,
A Dame muſt have, that ſeeks for Virtues (praiſe.
Three bright, three black, three red, three ſhort, (three tall;
Three thick, three thin, three cloſe, three wide, (three ſmall.

Her Skin, Teeth, Cheeks, muſt be clean, bright,
(and neat;
Her Hair, her Brows and Eyes as black as Jet:
Her Cheeks, Lips, Nails, muſt have Vermilion hue;
Her Hands, Hair, Height, muſt ſhew good length
(to view.
Her Teeth, Feet, Ears, all ſhort, no length allow;
Large Breſt, large Bum, a large and ſpacious Brow.
Her Mouth muſt narrow be, ſmall Waſte and ten-
(der;
Her Eyes, Lips, Noſe, muſt be but thin and ſlen-
(der.
Her Neck, Waſte, Ancles, ſlender and ſmall muſt
(be,
That Teeth, Tongue, Lips, be cloſe kept, not
too free.
Her Neck, Thighs, Navel, muſt be fat and round;
Her Noſe, Head, Teats, the leaſt that may be found.
Her Brows, her Looks, and Breſts muſt wideneſs
(have;
Her Noſtril, Mouth, Ear, ſmallneſs: Then all's
(brave.

Since ſuch Perfections few or none attain,
Then few or none are fair, the place is plain.

Of

Of a Ladies Dog, and her Husband.

LAugh, good my Maſters, if you can intend it,
For yonder comes a Fool that will defend it.
Saw you a verier Aſs in all your Life,
That makes himſelf a Pack-horſe to his Wife?
I would his Noſe where I could wiſh were warm,
For carrying *Pearl* ſo pretty under's Arm:
Pearl his Wife's Dog, a pretty Sweet-fac'd Cur,
That barks at night at the leaſt fart doth ſtir,
Is now not well, his Cold is ſcarcely broke;
Therefore, good Husband, wrap him in thy Cloak:
And Sweet-heart, prethee help me to my Mask:
Hold *Pearl* but tender, for he hath a Lask.
Here, take my Muff; and do you hear, good man,
Now give me *Pearl*, and carry you my Fan:
Alas poor *Pearl!* The Wretch is full of pain:
Husband, take *Pearl*; give me my Fan again.
See how he quakes! Faith I am like to weep:
Come to me, *Pearl:* my Scarff, good Husband, keep.
To be with me, I know my Puppy loves:
Why *Pearl*, I ſay! Husband, take up my Gloves.
Thus goodman Ideot thinks himſelf an Earl,
That he can pleaſe his Wife, and carry *Pearl.*
But others judge his State to be no higher
Than a Dogs Yeoman, or ſome Pippin-Squire.

On a Punk.

FAith, Gentlemen, you move me to offence,
In coming to me with unchaſte pretence:
Have I the look of a laſcivious Dame,
That you ſhould think me fit for wantons Game?
I am not ſhe will take Luſts Sin upon her;
I'll rather die, than dim chaſte glorious honour.
Tempt not mine Ears, for in good ſooth I mean
To keep my honeſt Reputation clean.
My hearing lets no ſuch lewd ſound come in,
My Senſes loath to ſurfeit on ſweet ſin.
Reverſe your Mind that goes from Grace aſtray;
And God forgive you, with my heart I pray.
The Gallant notes her words, obſerves her frowns,
Then draws his Purſe, & lets her view his Crowns.
Vowing that if her kindneſs grant him pleaſure,
She ſhall be Miſtreſs to command his Treaſure.
The ſtorms are calm'd, the guſt is over-blown;
And ſhe replies with, *Yours, elſe not her own.*
Deſiring him to cenſure for the beſt,
'Twas but her Trick, to try if men do jeſt.
Her Love is lock'd where he may pick the Trunk.
Let all men judge, if this be not a Punk.

The Complying, but Cunning Laſs.

The Tune, *My Nanny, quoth he*; a Jig Tune.

1.

MY *Gilly*, ſays *Will*;
My *Willy*, ſays *Gill*,
Your pleaſure?
I'd ſpeak wi' you, ſays *Will*;
Come now then, ſays *Gill*,
I'm at leaſure.

I love thee, ſays *Will*:
D'ye love me, ſays *Gill*,
Indeed Sir?
Yes truly, ſays *Will*;
Why well then, ſays *Gill*,
Proceed, Sir.

2.

I'd woo thee, ſays *Will*:
Wou'd you woo me, ſays *Gill*,
But how, Sir?

In Marriage, ſays *Will*,
I Marriage, ſays *Gill*,
I allow Sir :

Firſt kiſs me, ſays *Will* :
Why there 'tis, ſays *Gill* ;
Now you ha't, Sir,

I'm glad on't, ſays *Will* ;
I'm not ſorry, ſays *Gill*,
That's flat, Sir.

3.

Give me another, ſays *Will* :
There, take it ſays *Gill* ;
What then, Sir ?

Why a third, ſays *Will* :
Why there 'tis, ſays *Gill*,
Agen, Sir.

I'm raviſh'd, ſays *Will* :
How ? Raviſh'd, ſays *Gill* !
Be plain, Sir.

By your Kiſſes, ſays *Will* :
Then I'll do't, ſays *Gill*,
Again, Sir.

4.

I'll feoff thee, ſays *Will*,
In a Jointure: Says *Gill*,
D' ye mean ſo?
Yes truly, ſays *Will*:
Then I love thee, ſays *Gill*;
'Tis e'en ſo.

Here's my hand on't, ſays *Will*,
There's mine too, ſays *Gill*,
With love too.
Be but conſtant ſays *Will*:
Yes conſtant, ſays *Gill*,
I'll prove too.

5.

When wed we, ſays *Will*?
To morrow, ſays *Gill*,
I'th' morning.
That's too ſoon, ſays *Will*;
I'll be at (ſays *Gill*)
An hours warning
That's well ſed, ſays *Will*;
'Twas not ill ſed, ſays *Gill*,
Believe me.

Then next day, ſays *Will*;
If 't be longer ſays, *Gill*,
'Twill grieve me.

6.

Got a Licenſe, ſays *Will*;
That will I, ſays *Gill*,
To morrow.

Have you money, ſays *Will*?
If I have not, ſays *Gill*,
I'll borrow.

That's a kind wench, ſays *Will*,
I'll be kinder, ſays *Gill*,
When wedded:

And what then, ſays *Will*?
I'll be kindeſt, ſays *Gill*,
When bedded.

7.

Lie wi' me, ſays *Will*:
What to night, ſays *Gill*?
O fie Sir!

Prethee do't, ſays *Will*:
By my troth, ſays *Gill*,
Not I Sir.

Y'are unkind, ſays *Will*:
Y'are too forward ſays *Gill*,
Believe me.

Won't you do't then, ſays *Will*,
That's the way, ſays *Gill*,
To deceive me.

The Chorus to it.

8.

So before they did bed,
They were both of 'em wed,
At night he

Did ſay unto *Gill*,
Had you giv'n me my will,
I'd a ſlight ye.

I had no reaſon, ſays ſhe,
To grant it unt'ee,
I'm ſure, Sir;

Becauſe I was cozen'd
By't leaſt half a dozen,
Before, Sir,

9.

I'll tell thee, ſays he,
Some Girles were ſo free,
They ſent me
Each of 'em a Cake,
For ſome kindneſs ſake,
To content me.

Had I known't, ſays ſhe,
I'd a fitted ye
For their ſakes, Sir.
On that very ſcore,
With Cheeſes good ſtore,
To your Cakes, Sir.

The Little Childrens Figure-Dance, at Mr. Young's Ball, and to that Tune.

SOme pretty Ladies
No bigger than Babies:
Did dance at a Ball ſo well,
Yet ſo little they were,
And ſo young, you'd ſwear
They were newly come out of the ſhell.

But

But yet these little things
Did keep both time and figure,
And to give 'em their due,
They footed it true:
And the less as well as the bigger.

2.

And first pretty *C*----
Did mount like a Lark,
To seek out her lovely Mate:
I mean *T. H.*
That witty Bearn,
Who readily came to her strait,
Then th' other airy *Cl*------
Did look for her rosy-cheek Dove,
Sweet *W*---*T*--- the mild,
That modest Child,
Who handsomly to her did move.

3.

Witty *S*---*f*--- too,
Did wheel to and fro,
And nimbly tript it about,
With her Partner *S*----
That was airy and blithe,
And neither of both were out.

Then

Then pretty *S---b----*ſhe
Did follow this little Crew,
With her Partner eke,
Pretty *M---d--*the Meek,
Who ſtill danc'd every thing true.

4.

At the end of the Tune,
But not too ſoon,
They all did make a ſtand;
And when they had done,
Then every one
Their Partners took by th' hand.
At laſt theſe pretty things
Their Honours did ſo well,
That all did ſay,
For their Age, that they
Did bear away the Bell.

Advice to a Friend to forgo a Common Miſs.

To the Scotch Tune, *Go, go, Unkind One.*

1.

HE's an Aſs that loves one,
And will love no more:
If by chance he proves one
True, he'll find a ſcore

That

That are as arrant Starters
As ever trod on Shoe;
To lie and ſware,
And ſpeak you fair,
And vow they'l ſtill be true;
Yet promiſe to another
What they have vow'd to you.

2.

When the Ginneys do appear,
Then their love is ſhown;
They'l kiſs and ſing, and dance and ſwear,
I'm yours, or not my own.

But when the Purſe begins to ebb,
Then they will over-flow
In ſlights and pouts,
And ſcorns and flouts,
And off their faith will throw,
And to another Cully
Will make a ſecond vow.

3.

Then leave off courting Miſſes
If you will be free
From Quarrels and Diſeaſes,
And certain Poverties.

But if you muſt a Miſs have,
Let it be briſk Wine;
'Twill cure the heart
Of all the ſmart,
And make the face to ſhine
With Rubies and with Pearls too,
Beyond the Indian Mine.

A Song at the Dukes Houſe.

1.

NAy, let me alone;
I proteſt I'll be gone:
'Tis a folly to think
I'll be ſubject to one.
Never hope to confine
A young Gallant to dine,
Like a Schollar of *Oxford*,
On none but a Loin.
For after Enjoyment, our Bellies are full;
And the ſame Diſh again, makes the Appetite dull.

2.

By your wantoning Art
Of a ſigh and a ſtart,

You

You endeavour in vain
To inveagle my heart.
For the pretty diſguiſe
Of your languiſhing Eyes
Will never prevail
With my Sinews to riſe.
'Tis never the mode in an Amorous Treat,
When a Lover has din'd, to perſwade him to eat.

3.

Faith *Betty*, the Jeſt
Is almoſt at the beſt,
'Tis onely variety
Makes up the feaſt.
For when we've enjoy'd,
And with pleaſures are cloid
The Vows we have made
To love ever, are void.
And know, pretty Nymph, it was ever unfit
That a Meal ſhould be made of a Relliſhing Bit.

The Careleſs Lover.

1.

AM I by thy taunts abuſed,
When I moſt to love incline?
Know no phraſe by thee is uſed,
Which I could not well make mine,
For I can uſe or not uſe thine.

2.

Doſt thou glory thou can'ſt vex me,
When thou ſeemingly doſt chide?
Or do'ſt thou think thou canſt perplex me
With thy ſcoffs or careleſs pride?
No: all thy fancies I deride.

3.

Art thou with my Courtſhip pleaſed,
Which I tender unto thee?
Or art thou with my words diſeaſed?
If thou art, 'tis nought to me:
For I can love, or let thee be.

4. Canſt

4.

Canſt thou love with true Affection?
I can love, being lov'd again:
Or if to hate be thy Election,
All that breeds me no pain:
For I can love, or can diſdain.

5.

Art thou pleas'd I ſhould attend thee?
I will ſtill thy Servant be:
Or if my preſence do offend thee,
I will never wait on thee:
For I can ſerve, or keep me free.

6.

Doſt thou love to have me near thee,
With a Heart both firm and true?
Or doſt thou ſcorn my ſight & jeer me,
This to Lovers is not new:
Faith I can ſtay, or bid adieu.

7.

Art thou joyful? I am jolly;
In thy pleaſure's my delight:

Art thou inclin'd to Melancholy ?
I am of that humour right :
For I can Joy, or Joys can ſlight.

8.

Art thou liberal of Embraces ?
I can alſo laviſh be ?
Or doſt thou ſcorn to yield ſuch graces?
I can ſcorn as well as thee ;
Of theſe I can be nice or free.

9.

Doſt thou pleaſe to yield me Kiſſes,
My obſervance to requite ?
Or do'ſt deny me thoſe ſweet bliſſes,
In ſome humour or deſpite ?
I can diſpence with that delight.

10.

If to ſinging thou'lt apply thee,
I can warble Notes to thee ;
Or if to ſighing, I'll ſigh by thee ;
To thy Paſſions I'll agree :
For I'm to all thy humours free.

II.

Couldst thou willingly abide me,
In thy naked Bosom lie?
Wouldst thou, if I ventur'd, chide me,
Or with frowning force me fly?
All's one to me: for what care I?

A Catch.

FOrtune is blind,
And Beauty is kind:
They've neither faith nor troth;
The one is a Witch,
And t' other's a Bitch:
The Devil take them both.

There's hazard by hap,
To sit in a Lap;
But there's no deceit in a *Brimmer*,
Truth in the bottom does lie;
But the way to redeem her,
Is to drink the *whole Ocean dry*.

A Catch.

1.

NO Creature can be
More pleaſant then we;
No miſchief we'll act or invent;
Let Wordlings go plot
Until their Brains rot,
They ſhall not abridge our content.

3.

Content is a thing
That Comfort doth bring
To begger as well as to King.
Then let our Content
In Freedom be ſpent,
And merrily, merrily ſing,

A Catch.

1.

AS ſoon a little little Ant
Shall bib the Ocean dry,
A Snail ſhall creep about the World,
E'er our Affections die.

2.

Yet ſhe's for me, and onely ſhe,
That's neither forward, nor too free:
That Wench I vow ſhall be my Joy,
That's neither forward, nor too coy.

A Catch.

There is but onely one,
And I am only he,
That loves but one alone,
And thou art only ſhe.

Thou art that one
In whom alone
My heart doth only care,
Then do but joyn
Thy heart with mine,
And we will make a pair.

Her Anſwer.

THe Girl did then reply,
I am the only ſhe
That loves one faithfully,
And faith, my *Jack*, 'tis thee.

Thou art my Joy,
And only Boy;
I never think on other:
And mean to joyn
My heart with thine,
And ſo be made a Mother.

A Song.

1.

IMploy thy time ſome other way,
Than ſtill to court this Female Clay;
Let her be what a Woman can,
Yet ſhe's not worth the worſt of Man.

2.

It is not I that tell you ſo,
Reaſon has done that long ago:
Hadſt thou to reaſon but inclin'd,
Thou long ere this hadſt chang'd thy mind.

3.

She is a Woman; that's enough
To quench the furious flames of Love:
For they are only but for ſight;
Gloworm-like, they'r beſt by night.

4.

I know ſhe's young and fair; 'tis true,
And well enough for outward view:

But if uncloath'd thou didſt her ſee,
She is not what ſhe ſeems to be.

5.

I therefore do adviſe thee yet,
Before thou into thraldom get:
A labrynth then thou't find 'twil prove,
And feel the doleful pangs of Love.

6.

But if loving thon needs muſt be,
Pray let it be no more a ſhe:
But love thy Self, and love thy Friend,
And love good Sack, and there's an end.

The Martial Lad.

A Mock to O Love if e'er thou'lt eaſe a heart, *and to that Tune.*

1.

O *Mars*, if e'er thou'lt eaſe a Blade
That owns thy Martial Power,
That bleeds with thy too cruel Trade,
And now by wounds is quite decay'd,
Thy Bleſſings on me ſhower.

Under

Under the Surgeons hand I lie,
A thouſand times I wiſh to die;
But when I ſee cold Death ſo nigh,
I grieve to leave thoſe thoughts of War
Which unto Souldiers welcome are.

2.

But thus as I ſat all alone
I'th' cold and louſie Room,
Some Tatling Eccho heard my moan,
And did repeat each ſigh and groan,
Came by a ſimple Groom.

O how I ſtrove my face to hide,
Leſt by the Groom it ſhould be ſpide!
And did the Babling Eccho chide,
Becauſe her iterating noiſe
Had brought the man to know my Voice.

3.

But O Great *Mars!* I wiſh to have
But one poor Thundring Peal
Of Guns and Muskets which I crave
Before my Body's laid in Grave,
My Honour to reveal.

Thus

Thus are poor Souldiers oft abus'd,
When they by Wounds and Scars are bruis'd,
Yet are by Mortals worſe abus'd:
When they by War have got a Name,
In times of Peace muſt loſe the ſame.

Upon his Dead Miſtreſs.

AS Unthrifts grieve in Straw for their pawn'd (Beds,
As Women weep for their loſt Maiden-heads,
When both are without hope or Remedy;
Such an untimely grief have I for thee.
I never ſaw thy Face, nor did my heart
Urge forth my Eyes to that, whilſt that thou wer't.
But being lifted hence, that which to thee
Was Deaths ſad Dart, was *Cupid*'s Ghoſt to me.
Whoever thinks me fooliſh, that the force
Of a Report ſhould make me love a Coarſe;
Know he, That when with this I do compare
The love I to a living Woman bear,
I find my ſelf moſt happy: Now I know
Where I ſhall find my Miſtreſs; I can go
Unto her timeleſs Bed, and lift away
Her Graſs-green Mantle, and her Sheet diſplay,
And touch her naked; and though envious Mould
(In which ſhe lies unſuccour'd, moiſt and cold)
Strive

Strive to corrupt her, ſhe will not abide
With any Art her Blemiſhes to hide,
As many Living do: And, though they need,
Yet cannot they in Sweetneſs her exceed;
But make a ſtink with all their Art and Skill,
Which the Phyſicians warrant by their Bill.
Nor at her Door does heaps of Coaches ſtay,
Footmen or Midwives, to bar up my way:
Nor is her heart ſo hard, to make me pay
For every Kiſs, a Supper and a Play.
Nor need ſhe any Page or Maid to keep,
To knock me early from my golden ſleep,
With Letters, That her Honour all is gone,
If I don't Right her upon ſuch a one.
Nor with Black Oaths ſtain her pure Lips will ſhe:
She'll not contract the guilt of Perjury.
No words, profane or wanton, will ſhe uſe;
Pure Vertue's ſtricteſt Rules ſhe'll not accuſe,
As too ſevere; nor whilſt the World doth laſt,
A Blemiſh on her Spotleſs Honour caſt.
Pardon me, that with thy bleſs'd Memory,
I mingle my own former Miſery.
Yet dare I not accuſe the Fate that brought
Theſe Croſſes on me, for then ev'ry thought
That tended to my Love, was black and foul;
Now all is pure as a new-baptiz'd Soul.
For I proteſt, for all that I can ſee,
I would not lie in Bed one night with thee:
Nor am I jealous, but could well abide
My Foe to lie in quiet by thy ſide.

You

You Worms, (my Rivals) whilſt ſhe was alive,
How many thouſands were there that did ſtrive
To have your freedom? for their ſakes forbear
Unſeemly holes in her ſoft Skin to wear.
But if you muſt, (as what Worm can abſtain
To taſte her Tender Body?) yet refrain
With your diſorder'd Eatings to deface her,
And feed your ſelves ſo as you moſt may grace
(her.
Firſt, through her Ear-Tips ſee you make a pair
Of Holes, which as the moiſt incloſed Air
Turns into Water, may the clear Drops take,
And in her Ears a pair of Jewels make.
Have you not yet enough of that White Skin,
(The touch of which, in times paſt would have
(bin
Enough to ranſome many a thouſand Soul
Captiv'd to Love) if not, then upward rowl
Your little Bodies, where I would you have
This Epitaph upon her Forehead grave:

Living, She was Young, Fair, and full of Wit;
Dead, All her Faults are in her Forehead writ.

On

On Two Gentlemen of Wales.

I Heard, among ſome other pleaſant Tales,
How once there were two Gentlemen of *Wales*.
Theſe Two (thus goes the Tale) upon a day
Hap'ned to travel upon *London*-way;
And (for 'twas cumberſome to wear a Boot)
For their more eaſe they needs would go a foot;
And (leſt they ſhould their beſt Apparel lack)
Each of them wears his Wardrobe at his Back.
Theſe Squires were Nighted e'er they came to (Town,
And ſought their Lodging when the Sun was (down:
And (for the Inkeeper his Gates had lock'd)
In haſte, like men of ſome account, they knock'd;
The drowſie Chamberlain ask'd who was there?
Who ſaid that Gentlemen of *Wales* they were.
How many, quoth the man, is there of you?
Quoth he, Here's *John Ap Rice*, *Ap Jones*, *Ap Hugh*, *Ap Nicholas*, *Ap Steven*, *Ap Rice*, *Ap Davy*:
Then Gentlemen, quoth he, adieu, God ſave ye:
Your Worſhips might have had a Bed or twain,
But we have not enow for ſuch a Train.

A Paſtoral Dialogue between Cleon *and* Delia.

1.

AS *Delia* reſted in the Shade,
With *Cleon* by her ſide;
The Swain thus courted the young Maid,
And thus the Nymph reply'd.

2.

Cleon. Sweet, let thy Captive Fetters wear,
Made of thine Arms and Hands;
Till thoſe that Thraldom ſcorn or fear,
Envy my happy Bands.

3.

Delia. Then thus my willing Arms I wind
About thee, and am ſo
Thy Pris'ner; for my ſelf I bind,
Until I let thee go.

4.

Cle. Happy that Slave whom the fair Foe
Ties in ſo ſoft a Chain!
Del. More happy I, but that I know
Thou wilt break looſe again.

Cle. By

5.

Cle. By thine Immortal Beauty never.
Del. Frail as thy Love's thine Oath.
Cle. Though Beauty fade, my Faith lasts ever.
Del. Time will destroy them both.

6.

Cle. I doat not on thy Snow-white Skin:
Del. What then? *Cle.* Thy Purer Mind.
Del. I lov'd too soon. *Cle.* Thou hadst not bin
So fair, if not so kind.

7.

Del. O strange vain fancy! *Cle.* But yet true.
Del. Prove it. *Cle.* Then make a Brade
Of those loose Flames that circle you;
My Suns and yet your Shade.

8.

Del. 'Tis done. *Cle.* Now give it me. *Del.* Thus thou
Shalt thine own Error find;
If those were Beauties, I am now
Less fair, because more kind.

9.

Cle. You shall confess you erre: That Hair
Must it not change the hue,
And leave that Golden Mountain bare?
Del. Ah me! It is too true.

Cle. Yet

10.

Cle. Yet this ſmall Wreath ſhall ever ſtay
In its firſt native prime;
And ſmiling when the reſt decay,
The Triumphs ſing of Time.

11.

Del. Then let me cut from off that Grove
One Branch, and let it be
An Emblem of Eternal Love,
For ſuch is mine to thee.

12.

Cle. Thus are we both redeem'd from Time:
I by thy Grace. *Del.* And I
Shall live in thine Immortal Rhyme,
Until the Muſes die.

13.

Cle. By Heaven--- *Del.* Swear not: If I muſt weep,
Jove ſhall not ſmile at me:
This Kiſs, my Heart, and thy Faith keep.
Cle. This breathes my Soul to thee.

14.

Then forth the Thicket *Thirſis* ruſh'd,
Where he ſaw all their play:
The Swain ſtood ſtill, and ſmil'd, and bluſh'd;
The Nymph fled faſt away.

F I N I S.

Mounſieur Nihils *New-Years-gift.*

THe coſtly *Callends* put me to a ſhift,
What I ſhall ſend you for my *New-years-gift.*
'Tis not what *Ophir* yields, nor Gems, nor Gold,
I want not things that in th' *Exchange* are ſold,
Chains, Bracelets, Ear-rings, Rarities and Lawn,
The curious works by holy Siſters drawn
Are far above my reach to compaſs: ſo
All that I have is nothing to beſtow.
Accept I pray the Gift, 't becomes you well,
For you do nothing want as I can tell.
Scorn not the preſent, look on't and you'l find
'Tis of much worth: nothing contents the mind,
Nothing is happy, nothing is truly good,
For nothing we pick quarrels and draw Blood.
And though for nothing Lawyers plead not now,
Yet about nothing they make much ado.
Phyſitians of nothing, ſay the Diſeaſe is great,
Yet if they nothing have, they'l ſoon retreat.
Merchants think't nothing 'bout the world to ſail,
And nothing comes on't ſometimes by an ill gale.
The *Rump-Parliament* did nothing but miſchief (crave,
Being Hang'd, 'twas nothing but what they did (deſerve.
Gaming is good for nothing but Fight and Curſe,
Yet when all's gone, they think nothing worſe.

Thoſe that ill memories have, no patience want,
When they forget all, they think nothing on't.
Nothing is dearer than a Miſtriſs ſight,
Yet good for nothing when ſhees known to be
(Right.
Nothing is ſweeter then the new cropt Roſe,
Nothing is whiter then the *Alpin* Snows:
Nothing is better than a truſty Friend,
Yet nothing worſe if Quarrel be at the end.
Nothings ſo good as meat to a hungry Soul,
Yet nothing worſe, if poyſon be i'th' bowl.
Nothings like Wine, the heart to exhilerate,
Yet nothing worſe, if it be Sophiſticate.
Nothings in every Childs mouth that's unruly,
Ask them what they did, I did nothing truly.
So rare was nothing, that long ſince 'twas made
Reward unto deſert: ſo ſervice was paid
Richly with nothing: therefore do not grieve
To wear this new-thing nothing on your Sleeve.
Or if you think 'twill not become you there,
Let then this nothing new dangle in your ear.
So taking leave at *Dover* on the high-hill,
I reſt your Annihilated Friend *Monſieur Nihil.*

Madam

Madam Aliqua's *Retort.*

SIr I do find that you have made a ſhift
To ſend me nothing for my *New-Years-gift.*
Which you may find I can make ſomething of.
And that you may perhaps at ſomething ſcoff
Which I ſhall ſay: hark my nothing Shaver,
Do you not know that ſomething has a favor:
Something for this Friend and ſomething for that
I have; but you perhaps will ask me what
That ſomething is, that I ſo freely ſpare
Unto my other Friends, and you not ſhare
Therein; for you ſhall nothing have to your part,
Youl ask what nothings that, Faith 'tis a Fart;
You may perchance ſmell ſomething in't, if you do
Tak't for your pains, nay you may Noſe it to:
And if you find that nothing then doth pleaſe you,
Yet you may ſmell that ſomething dos diſeaſe you.
Something you know's for food, ſomething for
(ſmell,
Which you by late Experience know full well.
If ſomething I've ſaid, touch you to the quick,
You'l make nothing on't although it made you
(Sick.
If nothing out of ſomething can't be pick't,
Then nothing deſerves by ſomething to be kick't.
But how can nothing then be kickt you'l ſay,
Yes ſomething has been kik't to nothing quite
away.

Have I not ſaid ſomething to th' purpoſe now,
Yet I fear this ſomething nothing pleaſes you.
I ſomething have to ſay, but this once more,
You nothing do deſerve, cauſe to the poor
You nothing give, and as thou'lt nothing ſpend,
I wiſh thy ſomething, may be nothing in the end.
And as your coſtly Callends is the firſt day
O'th' Month, I hope before the laſt you may
Taſt ſomething o'th' Rope: then the Seſſions ends,
For at *Tiburn* a multitude of Friends
Take leave of one another: ſo will I
Come there, to ſee my Benefactor fly
To make a clapper for a wooden Bell:
And there I do intend to bid farewell
To *Monſieur Nihil*; and this on ſomething ſay,
I hope you've nothing loſt by *Madam Aliqua*.

The Soldiers Song.

THough the Morning was wet,
We are merrily met
In a houſe more dry then our skin Boys.
Weel drink down the day,
Ne're queſtion our pay,
Let them heartily laugh out that win Boys.
Chorus. Then drink a full brimmer to him that (intends
For the good of the Souldier to labour his ends.

2. Let

2. Let him flatter and lie,
What is it to thee and I,
And Ape *Noll* in every condition.
If we thrive upon't,
Let all the World want,
And the City kneel down and Petition.
Chorus. *Then drink a full brimmer to him that intends*
For the good of the Souldier to labour his ends.

Another Song.

1. WE came from *Scotland* with a ſmall force,
With a hey down, down a down a,
But with hearts far truer then ſteel.
We got by my Fay,
The glory o'th' Day,
Yet no man a hurt did feel.
2. When *Lambert* firſt our Army did face,
With a hey down, down a down a,
He look't as fierce as the Devil.
We fear'd a Rout,
But he fac'd about
The Gentleman was ſo civil.
3. General *Monk* with the Countries Love,
With a hey down, down a down a.
All perſons to him did addreſs,
Small mony we ſpent
For we found as we went
Good Friends, and here find no leſs.

A New

A New Song.

THe day you wiſh'd Arriv'd at laſt,
You wiſh as much that it were paſt:
One Minute more, and Night will hide,
The Bridegroom and the bluſhing Bride.
The Virgin now to Bed does go,
Take heed, O Youth, ſhe riſe not ſo.
She pants and trembles at her Doom,
And fears, and wiſhes thou would'ſt come:
The Bridegroom comes, he comes apace,
With Love and Fury in his Face;
She ſhrinks away, he cloſe purſues,
Prayes and threats at once does uſe;
She ſoftly ſighing, begs delay,
And with her hand puts him away;
Then out aloud for help ſhe cries,
And then diſpairing ſhuts her eyes.

Another New Song.

1. WHy, O *Cupid*, ſo doſt thou ſhun,
Thy diſdains alas have undone me:
When you left me to chooſe at my pleaſure,
I rob'd my poor heart of its treaſure.
And now all in vain I pine and moan,
For the only man I love alas is gone.

2. Since

2. Since you wounded my heart, now in vain
Let my Sighs recall him again.
I'le lament my unfortunate hour,
I'le blame, and at once bleſs thy power.
If by ſighs and tears, I may but once reſtore
Him into my Armes, or elſe let me love no more.

To the Minnuet Tune.

SInce my free hopes are toſt on diſpair,
And faithleſs *Armeda* is deaf to my Prayer:
This to her frailty of power I'le ſhove,
That which gives me diſpair can ne're force me to love.

Beauty in flames, where affection is poor,
There the blind Sott, though he's kickt out a door,
Will ſtill her good Nature and Beauty Implore.
Fondneſs of love is obliging in no man,
Wheadles and Amorous dying is common.
'Tis the true heart (remov'd by a ſcorn,)
Can place a love that ne're ſhall be worn.

Another

Another Song.

OH ſtay my dear *Phillis* before you reſign,
That heart to an other which ought to be (mine.
My faith and obedience my Title doth prove,
If you will allow Juſtice and Reaſon in Love:
But if your old Kindneſs for me you'l abate,
Being tempted to yield for a better Eſtate.
I find me miſtaken, for vainly I thought,
That Vertue and Love were not to be bought.
Accurſt be the Inventer of Joynters and Dowers,
The want whereof makes me ſit many ſad hours.
Since Women I find hath not power to ſay no,
To a Fool that is fine, and hath Writings to ſhow.
Though their Bodies and Minds alike are unſound
Yet their wealth for their faults and their follies (compound.
What Vertues are thoſe then that e're can prevail,
Since Marriage and Love are but Bargain and Sale.
O fie on Deſemblars, whoſe buſineſs I find
Is only to vex and torment a mans mind.
Had Nature been kind, and given me a heart
To flatter like you, I had miſt all the ſmart.
But inſtead of Blind *Cupid*, kind death I requeſt
To cure me of all Cares, and to bring me to reſt.
When if it's my Fortune amongſt Angles to be,
I'le teach them to rail againſt them like me.

F I N I S.